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Original Novel.

THE OLD LOYALIST.

A Tale of the American Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "LEAVES FROM A LAWYER'S PORT FOLIO."

"To write in such a manner wise,
Which may be wisdom to the wise,
And play to them that list to play."—*Gower.*

CHAPTER XIII.

"Here stands the victim."—*The Woodman.*
"Tis but a single murder."—*Fatal Curiosity.*

In one of those old-fashioned, wainscotted apartments which are yet to be seen in antique houses, Stanley walked to and fro, as if disturbed in thought, the morning after the capture of Ernest. The brow of the English captain was knit, and his appearance betokened that he had been a stranger to repose, unless, perhaps, for a short interval, during the preceding night. He had, in truth, been kept awake by the conflict of his passions, arising from the opposing motives which influenced him in the disposition of his prisoner, for while prudence, as well as a sense of duty urged him to forward Ernest to head quarters, his hatred incited him to seize the present moment, and avenge himself by the death of his rival. Stanley was not without some feelings of honor; but, in the present case, he was smarting under the consciousness of the exposure of his villainy at the interview between Ernest and Col. Harcourt on the preceding day, a fact of which his emissary had, as we have seen, informed him. The temptation, therefore, to wreak condign and speedy vengeance on his rival was scarcely to be resisted, fraught though the act would be with danger to himself. Still, however, Stanley paused before he determined, but the fear that Ernest, if sent to head quarters might, by some possibility, escape, and the desire to glut his vengeance over the dying agonies of his rival, finally prevailed over the dictates of prudence and the faint whisperings of conscience. The struggle, however, consumed nearly the whole night, and when long after midnight Stanley threw himself on his couch, sleep fled from his pillow, or came attended by frightful dreams, from which he awoke in horror. Shuddering at the vague terrors of his disordered brain, he hesitated whether he should not retract his resolution, but his evil genius prevailed, and, with a sneer at his want of firmness, he said,

"What! shall a sick dream rob me of my rival's blood!—no, by heaven! he dies!" and he struck the table with his clenched hand. "He has crossed me in battle, thwarted me in love, despoiled me of my honor, and I will have revenge, ay! deep, bitter revenge, even if I sacrifice my soul. This post is partly independent, and these are wild and disorderly times,—why cannot I pass his death off as that of a suspected refugee, executed in a moment of sudden heat! Ah! that is the very thought,—what devil ever placed it in my head? Revenge is a sweet morsel to the deeply injured, and well will I roll it under my tongue. And my revenge will be all the sweeter because this proud beauty will hear of it, and know that—I, *I* the despised and loathed Stanley, have done the deed. Sweet Mistress Edith," and a bitter scorn was on his lips and in his tone, "you will then, perchance, remember the old fable of arousing the tiger. But away with all thoughts of the pretty doll! Other matters should occupy the mind. What is to be done, should be done quickly," and advancing to the door, he called to the sentry without, "What ho! there—bring the prisoner into the parlor," and passing down the hall to the designated apartment, he awaited in apparent composure but real emotion the appearance of his intended victim.

Little did Ernest know of the outrage which was contemplated against him, for though he was well aware that his capture within the British lines would render him liable to be treated as a spy, and though he knew that all the influence of his rival would be exerted to place his case in the worst aspect, yet the thought never flashed across his mind, that Stanley would so wantonly outrage every law human and divine, as to murder his prisoner. Ernest, however, had made up his mind to his ultimate death, believing escape impossible, and knowing that no earthly power could save him. The reflection that he was so soon to be cut off from life and all its sweets came with peculiar bitterness in his present frame of mind. A few days before, when he was borne down by his parent's curse, and when he deemed Edith shut off from him forever, death would have been hailed with joy; but now, when his father had forgiven him, and when Edith had anew promised to be his, to be thus sacrificed was agony itself. The circumstances, too, in which his death would leave the now unprotected girl occurred to him with peculiar bitterness. But Ernest never forgot that he was a soldier and a man, and he resolved when the time should come, to meet his fate without a murmur. He rejoiced that Edith was ignorant of his present danger, and he resolved—much as to sacrifice a parting interview would cost him—not to apprize her of his situation until all was over, when a letter, to be written the night before his execution, would be delivered to her. If he grieved that the privilege of witnessing his father's sepulchre was denied him, he found some alleviation for his sorrow in the thought that his parent had died in peace with him, and that he had closed that parent's eyes. Revolving these things in his mind, he lay down to repose, and, exhausted by the events of the day, fell into a profound sleep, in which he dreamed of happiness and Edith. He was awakened an hour after sunrise by the sentinel, who rudely shaking the sleeper by the shoulder, said,

"You sleep as if you had a clear conscience, especially considering that you may be reckoned as good as dead already. But cheer up, my brave," he continued, more feelingly, "death is a fate that must befall us all, and it matters little whether it comes by a ball to-day, or a hempen cravat to-morrow, or a sickness that tortures one out of existence in a bed years hence. I have come to take you before Capt. Stanley, who will send you, I suppose, to head quarters."

"I attend you," said Ernest, when he had attired himself—"lead on." But stay—I believe my rank entitles me to precedence," and bowing to the soldier he passed first out of the door. A few steps brought him to the parlor, and with a courteous, though general salutation to those in the room, and a haughty nod to his rival, he stood confronting Stanley, who, occupying a chair at the head of the apartment, and surrounded by several subaltern officers, eyed him sternly in return. For a minute both remained silent. There they stood face to face, the accuser and the accused, regarding one another as though each would read the soul of his rival. At length Stanley spoke.

"You are a rebel and a spy!"

"I am an American gentleman," said Ernest, "a captain in the Continental line, and neither a rebel nor a spy."

"This shall not serve your turn," said Stanley, "You are no more a captain in the rebel army than yonder corporal is a Field Marshal; and your dress is but assumed to bear out a lying story, and aid you to escape your merited death. If you are captain at all, it is among refugees and robbers. For such villians we have a short shrift and a shorter rope."

"I repeat again," said Ernest, endeavoring to calm his passion at this reply, though the color mounted to his cheek, "that I am an American officer. I came hither to see a dying father—"

"A dying father!" sneered Stanley, "and pray for what else did you come!"

"Perhaps to circumvent the arts of a villain," sternly retorted Ernest, "you, at least, Capt. Stanley, know what I mean."

"By ——, sir," said his rival, hurried out of all command over himself, "do you know that I can send you, with a word, to the next ditch or tree?"

Every cheek, except Ernest's, turned a shade whiter at this implied threat. But the prisoner's eye quailed not, nor did a single tone of his voice falter as he replied,

"All this you can, perhaps, do; but you never will."

"Why not? By heaven and earth," and he spoke hurriedly and passionately, "why will I not do this?"

"Because it would be against all military law—because it would be a base and dishonorable murder—and because three days ago I had you in range of my musket, and disdained to take your life at such advantage."

"Now, by the God above us," said Stanley, inflamed to double fury by the calm tone of the speaker, and by the allusion to their meeting on the battle field at Germantown, "Now, by the God above us, you have brought on yourself your fate. Do you dare here to taunt me with your cold-blooded attempt at assassination—do you talk foul treason in my presence? Murder will your punishment be forsooth!—then murder let it be; but murder or not, it shall be inflicted on you forthwith. You are a spy, and shall die the death of a spy. I give you five minutes," and he drew forth his watch and laid it on the table, "to prepare for your doom."

Even the subordinates of Stanley, hardened as they were to scenes of wanton outrage, started and looked incredulously into each others faces, as if surprised out of all disguise at the murder contemplated in these words. Ernest heard his sentence pronounced with astonishment and indignation, but he knew that his rival's eye was on him, and he proudly checked every outward manifestation of emotion. But he did not, therefore, cease to feel. No one in the full flush of health and hope, can hear that he has but a few minutes to live, without many and various sensations. Ernest's whole life seemed to pass in swift array before him—his infancy, his boyhood, his early love, his alienation from his father; hope and fear, emotion and despair; every event and feeling that had chequered his existence, rushed vividly across his memory. In that moment he lived an age. But the bitterest thought of all was that he should be deprived of even the melancholy pleasure of writing a farewell to Edith; and, as this reflection crossed his mind, his fortitude almost gave way; but catching the eye of Stanley fixed in triumph on him, he looked proudly up and was himself again. For a space, during which one might have counted ten seconds, or a pin been heard to drop on the floor, he continued that stern, defying gaze, until the eye of his rival fell before his own, when, looking around the room, and drawing himself loftily up, he said,

"I take you all to witness—enemies though you be by the laws of war, yet still brothers by the ties of blood and nature—that I die a death of foul wrong. As an American officer, taken with arms in my hands, and wearing my uniform undisguised, I claim the rights and immunities of a prisoner of war—or, if I am to be regarded as a spy—against which I protest—I demand to be sent forward to head-quarters and tried by a proper court martial—"

Ernest had proceeded thus far unchecked, when Stanley, rising in agitation from his seat, his cheek flushed with passion, exclaimed,

"You have forfeited, base traitor, the grace I would have given you by appealing to these troops, and endeavoring to stir mutiny in loyal hearts. I said you should have five minutes—you shall not have one. Sergeant, detail six files, draw them up in front of the house, and remove the prisoner."

Hitherto, even those who knew the reckless nature of Stanley, had believed that his threat of executing Ernest was not intended to be carried out; but at these fatal words a shudder of horror ran through the room, and every eye was turned on the prisoner to see how he would receive his doom. But as before, his eye did not quail beneath that of his murderer. For an instant, however, he remained silent, and during that interval no sound except the irregular, gasping breath of the spectators, was heard in the wide apartment. But now Ernest, lifting his voice clearly, exclaimed,

"God will avenge this murder—ay! and I tell you, Captain Stanley, you yourself shall rue this day. I die a sacrifice to villainy; but I thank the Almighty, that I have saved one being at least, from your infamous arts."

"Remove the prisoner," shouted Stanley, white with rage, "what, ho! you idle varlets. Stop the brawling and seditious traitor."

"Hands off!" said Ernest, shaking loose, with a giant's strength, the grasp of the soldiers who advanced to seize him, "I have done—lead on!"

Shocked and paralyzed, yet conscious of the uselessness of expostulation, the subordinates moved mechanically to the door to behold the last act in this foul tragedy; and if Ernest had required consolation, he might have found it in the sympathizing looks of those who were, by the laws of war, his enemies. Many a veteran's cheek was wet as he gazed on the victim, though their grief was mingled with admiration at his proud and unshaken demeanor. But this composure was wormwood to the heart of Stanley. He had looked for some petition for a few hours delay,—and his heart had gloated in anticipation over the pleasure to be experienced in denying the boon; but when he saw that no such delay was sought, and that the cheek of his victim did not even blanch at the fell decree, his rage became almost ungovernable, and was increased when he noticed the sympathy with which so many of his troop regarded Ernest. But, forced to conceal his anger, the intensity of his passion was evident only by the ghastly pallor of his cheek, and the firm compression of his lips.

A gently sloping lawn stretched before the house, and on this open spot the contemplated execution was to take place. A few minutes sufficed to complete the hasty preparations for the tragedy. The prisoner was hurried to the western extremity of the lawn, where a thick hedge, backed by a clump of dense woodland shut the grounds in from intrusive eyes. Along the foot of this hedge ran a ditch, now however dry, and its bottom covered with moss. Against the dark background of the woods and close to the edge of the ditch, the prisoner was placed in bold relief, while his executioners were arrayed in a line a few paces distant. Stanley, in person, superintended these arrangements, and his eye dilated with triumph as they drew to a close. Everything had now been completed; and the officer advanced to bind the eyes of the victim. But at this last indignity, Ernest, who had been engaged in his hurried devotions, started back, and pushing away the bandage, declared his determination to dispense with it. Again the man would have bound the victim's eyes; but again Ernest repelled him.

"I have looked death in the face before," he said, "and do not fear it now. I am a soldier. I shall not flinch at your array."

The man would have made a third attempt, but Stanley interrupted him angrily.

"Let him alone," he said—"for this parleying only delays us. Take your last look on heaven and earth, sir," he continued, addressing Ernest. "Are you ready?"

Ernest drew himself up to his loftiest height, and folding his arms on his breast, looked boldly at the glittering line of muskets whose muzzles were now pointed full at his bosom. The crowd of thoughts at that minute in his heart no words can tell. Ere another tick of the clock the great secret would be unfolded to him, and he would know all of which priests and philosophers have speculated with centuries of anxious thought. Standing thus between life and death, the whole past rushed into his mind, though the future was not forgotten. The point of time which seemed to others but an instant, was to him an age, if measured by the vastness of the things thronging on his memory. And yet, though all these recollections burst upon him in such a mighty array, his outward senses, instead of being thereby weakened, became morbidly keen. It seemed as if every faculty had suddenly attained a supernatural acuteness, thus realizing the saying of the old musician, when dying, that in that last hour his mind attained a range and power of which before he had no comprehension. Suddenly, and when his thoughts were raised in a last prayer to his Maker, preparatory to giving the signal, Ernest fancied he heard the cracking of a twig behind him on the other side of the hedge, and hesitating for the smallest possible point of time, he recognized distinctly the stealthy tread, not of one only, but of a dozen or more men. The sound could portend nothing but good, and a sudden revulsion came over him. The calmness of resigned despair, the proud fortitude of the soldier gave way at once to the exhilaration of hope. He could feel the blood rushing to his head, and the pulsations of his heart becoming unnaturally quick. Could his friends have heard of his arrest and flown to his rescue? But even while such feelings and thoughts were flashing through his mind, and ere more than half a dozen seconds had elapsed since the words of his rival, that rival, who had been watching for the signal, became impatient, and glancing from the breathing, high-souled soldier, whom a single word was to reduce to a lump of lifeless clay, he raised his sword and was in the act of pronouncing the fatal syllable,—when suddenly a quick, rattling volley burst from behind the hedge, and the murderer fell to the earth dead, even while the word for another's condemnation was issuing from his lips. Nor was Stanley the only victim of that well aimed discharge. The soldiers who but a minute before were arrayed opposite the prisoner, with their shining muskets levelled full at his bosom, lay on the ground dead or dying; while others of the surrounding persons, whom the contemplated spectacle of Ernest's execution had called from the house, fell also a sacrifice. The whole passed with the rapidity of thought. The rattle of that volley had not yet subsided—the smoke still hung curling in white masses around the hedge,—and the survivors yet remained looking with blank amazement at each other, completely paralyzed by the sudden blow, when a wild huzza rose on the air, and immediately a score of dark forms, arrayed in the dress of American dragoons, each carrying a rifle, burst through the hedge, headed by an officer in whom Ernest recognized his friend Clinton. At the sight, the few remaining spectators fled to the mansion, which they proceeded to barricade. Clinton seized Ernest's arm, and stepping hastily up to the fallen Stanley, paused an instant over him, as if to be satisfied of his death. The first look convinced him that the murderer was no more. A ball had entered Stanley's brain just above the eye, leaving a small, dark spot from which the blood was now oozing, and causing instantaneous death. On his features still rested the smile of hatred and triumph, which had overspread them at the moment when he issued the command to fire on his victim.

"He is gone to his last account," said Clinton—"the heart will beat no more either for good or evil. He was, with all his crimes, a brave soldier—God have mercy on his soul."

"Amen!" said Ernest, now speaking for the first time; for so rapidly had the preceding events transpired, that they had seemed to him like those of a dream, and he could even yet scarcely convince himself that he was no longer a prisoner, or in the power of Stanley. But when he looked down, a second time, on that calm, still face, and saw the fearful change which DEATH had wrought there—a change not produced by the distortion of any feature, or even by the disappearance of the smile of rage and triumph, but by that indescribable something which chills the heart of the beholder with the consciousness of the presence of the dread and awful king of terrors—when he saw this, he knew then that it was all real, and that he was free. A tear gushed into his eye, nor did it shame his nature. He murmured a hasty thanksgiving to his Maker.

"And now away. This is no place for our little force," said Clinton, "for when these fellows recover from their surprise and see our small numbers, we shall have them around our ears like a nest of hornets. Our horses are but a little distance in the wood. Follow me, and leave explanations to an hour of safety," and with these words, still holding Ernest by the hand, he dashed through the gap in the hedge by which he had entered, and was followed by his rescued friend and followers.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ah, fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove,
With the wings of care.
In the battle—in the darkness—in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee!
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee!—*Shelley.*

A short distance from the hedge, and secluded from observation by the surrounding underwood, were the horses of the detachment. These were quickly led into the neighboring road and mounted, when the party started at a brisk trot on its homeward way. Scarcely were the daring adventurers on the saddle, when they heard the alarm notes of a bugle from the quarters of the British dragoons.

"Ha! the hounds have woke up, and we shall have the pack after us in the flash of a pistol," said Clinton, "dash on, my brave lads, dash on. We have won glory sufficient for one day, and can well afford to retreat."

The party scoured along the road at the words; and well they might; for when they reached the brow of a neighboring hill and looked back, they saw at least a hundred of the enemy in pursuit. The start, however, which had been gained by the Americans ultimately secured their escape, for, after a hot chase of an hour, the British drew rein, and returned to their quarters.

"Now that we are secure from molestation, with no probability of a second pursuit," said Clinton, checking his speed, in which he was imitated by the whole party, "I can afford to give you the explanation of our timely appearance, which no doubt you are longing to hear."

"How can it be otherwise!" said Ernest—"let us drop a few paces behind the rest, so that we can converse with more ease."

"Well, then, after you left me last night I began to think that your undertaking was even more dangerous than I had, at first, supposed it to be; and my fears for you were increased when I learned from a trusty farmer, a short mile from where I bid you good-bye, that Capt. Stanley, whom I knew as your rival, commanded a sort of outpost, with rather unusual powers, on the extremity of the lines, in the direction of the Schuylkill. The outpost, I knew, could not be very far from your father's mansion, so that you would probably find your rival at the house when you arrived, when, if made a prisoner, your fate would be decided by no lenient judge. This made me uneasy during the whole night, and when morning broke, and repairing to the rendezvous, I found you absent, I knew at once that you must have been made a prisoner, and probably by Stanley. I had received sufficiently accurate intelligence of the position of his quarters to enable me to march directly to them, but, being uncertain of his force, and therefore desirous of taking him by surprise, I consumed considerable time in approaching the place by a circuitous but stealthy route. My expectation was to find you a prisoner, but it never occurred to me—bad as I knew Stanley to be—that he would attempt to put you to death in the manner he attempted, and which would have been sheer murder. I determined, when I reached the spot, to conceal our horses in the wood and attaching the house on foot, carry it and release you: but when I had sent forward one of the men to reconnoitre, and he brought back word that a military execution, of which you no doubt were the subject, was going on in front of the mansion, I changed my plan. No time was to be lost. Luckily I had armed my troopers with rifles before leaving the camp with you, not knowing what duty we might be called to perform. Hurriedly organizing, we marched stealthily forward, and arrived just in time, as you know, to save you. The ball that sent Stanley to his last account was sped by myself, for I would trust no one else with the task. To six others, on whom I could depend, was confided the duty of bringing down your executioners. Rapidly as my arrangements were carried on, they were hastened still more by the eagerness with which Stanley sought to accelerate your doom. To this may be attributed the comparatively little execution done by our rifles. However I covered Stanley, and you were rescued. What more could we ask?"

"And I shall never forget your gallantry and friendship," said Ernest, warmly clasping Clinton's hand. "You have laid me under a debt to you which a life, even as long as that of Methuselah, will not suffice to repay."

"Pshaw! my dear fellow, say no more of it. You would have done exactly the same thing for me if you had had a chance. Apart from our friendship, it was my duty as a soldier, to attempt the rescue of a companion in arms, in circumstances like yours. But you have not yet told me how you came to be captured, or if you reached the mansion at all."

Ernest now, in turn, narrated the circumstances which had befallen him, since he and Clinton parted on the preceding evening; and though the speaker's voice more than once failed him, especially when alluding to his father's death, he was enabled to finish his tale in a connected manner.

"I sympathize with you—how truly you yourself are aware, dear Ernest," said Clinton, "but amid your grief you have the cheering consolation that your father died in peace with you, and that Edith has been saved from the arts of a designing villain. By the death of Stanley, moreover, all danger of further molestation for her, from that quarter, is at an end. At any rate she can seek the protection of Howe, which will be readily accorded to her."

In such conversation passed the time until the two companions reached the American camp, where Ernest found that he had been raised to the rank of captain, which post he had held nominally since the death of his superior at the battle of Germantown. The congratulations of his friends welcomed him to his new office, and the commander-in-chief personally complimented him on his address and bravery.

One of the first inquiries of Ernest was after Stetson. Proceeding to the temporary hospital where the wounded dragoon had been, he met the nurse and asked after the prisoner.

"Lor, sir, that awful man whom you were to see yesterday!—is he the one your honor asks after?—for if so he's dead, and has been so since yesterday morn. One of the horridest deaths, sir, I've seen for a long time—he was out of his head, sartain. Oh! if your honor had seen him clutch the bed clothes, and writhe about like a wounded worm, and start up in bed and call me all the awfullest words, looking at me with such a wild, strange look as almost made my hair stand on end—if your honor had heard all this it would have turned your blood cold. I've seen many a man die afore, but none ever die so hard. If all them Britishers are as wicked as he, I don't know what will become of 'em in the next world, or what would become of us here if they was only to beat Gineral Washington, whom God bless and preserve from 'em!"

Our story draws to a close. The courser is in sight of the goal, the race is almost done. From the heat and labor of the day we gladly turn aside to retire from the field. A few words will dismiss us forever.

The trials which Edith and Ernest had undergone, and the loss they had sustained in Col. Harcourt's death, knit them closer than ever together, at the same time that their hearts were improved. There is nothing like sorrow to elevate the character, and in drinking of the bitter cup that had been allotted them by an all-wise Providence, they learnt more accurately than they ever would otherwise have known, the true tone of their own hearts. They met a few weeks after the death of Ernest's father, for the country, in the vicinity of the Brandywine, having now become quiet, Edith determined to return to the old homestead, and having obtained a passport from General Howe, left Philadelphia. Many were the tears that she shed on Ernest's bosom when they met, for thoughts of that fatal night when they last parted, crowded on her memory. Luckily she had not heard of Ernest's danger until after he had been rescued. The death of Stanley deeply affected her. But all these things had less influence on her mind, then occupied with the loss of her uncle, than they would have had under ordinary circumstances: while, even amid her sorrow, she derived a consolation from the reconciliation between Ernest and the deceased, and the blissful consciousness that her lover was yet all she had dreamed.

The will of Col. Harcourt had been drawn up, in the first burst of his anger against Ernest, and consequently excluded the rightful heir from all share in the estate, which was bequeathed to Edith without reserve. The sudden death of the testator prevented him from altering the provisions of the will; but Edith insisted that Ernest should take possession of the estate, declaring that under no circumstances, would she accept the devise. Ernest, however, was as decided in rejecting the gift, but at length the difference was adjusted, by Edith consenting to share them as the bride of her cousin. This interesting ceremony occurred about a year after the events we have just narrated; and lovely as Edith was at all times, she never displayed more resplendent beauty than on the morning of that auspicious day. Trembling and sensitive she stood up before the altar, and pronounced those vows which gave her to her cousin in a closer and dearer relation; and when Ernest pressed her to his heart, and the memory of all they had suffered for each other rose up before her, she could restrain herself no longer, but burst into tears; yet they were tears of joy, not sorrow. Though they had passed through many trials, felicity crowned them at last—a felicity so perfect that they almost doubted, for a while, whether it could be real.

Ernest's marriage, however, did not withdraw him from the army. He remained a few weeks with his bride at the old mansion where they had first loved, and if hitherto they had spent many a happy hour loitering by the banks of the Brandywine, the felicity enjoyed as lovers was surpassed by that the wedded couple now experienced. At length, however, the husband was forced to tear himself from the arms of his bride, and hasten to the performance of his duties as a soldier. He remained in the army until after the capture of Yorktown, only occasionally solacing himself with a visit to his home, which was after a couple of years further enlivened by the presence of a lovely girl, which his wife presented him with. When, however, Cornwallis, with his army, surrendered to the allied arms, Ernest, now having attained the rank of lieutenant colonel, deeming the war virtually at an end, resigned his commission and turned his steps homewards, to spend the remainder of his days in the bosom of his family. Nor was it, until the lapse of many years, and after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, that he was induced again to appear on the public stage. Then, however, the wants of his country again required his aid, not now in the field, but the cabinet. His name may be found among the most eminent of those who filled the offices of his native state and of the nation.

Edith was equally lovely as a matron as when a bride. Years did not seem to impair the beauty of her countenance. Her winning smile, her soul-lit eyes, the placid repose of her brow, and the sunny glow which characterised her conversation did not lose their power as time passed, but, if possible, became more endeared to her husband. He saw, too, in the lovely daughters who grew up around him, the self-same Edith whom he had known when a gay-hearted boy; while she recognised in the bold sons who sat around her table the counterparts of him who had won her heart even in childhood. And were they not happy? Ah! rarely in this world is it given to mortals to enjoy the unalloyed felicity which fell to the lot of Colonel Harcourt and his bride. They had quaffed deeply of the cup of bitterness, during that portion of their life we have undertaken to record, and now fate, as if satisfied with what she had done, refilled the goblet and gave them to drink of happiness without stint.

Reader! if you have perused these chapters without seeing in them any deeper mission than the mere gratification of an idle hour, you have much misconceived their import. It was not alone to wile away a summer afternoon that the writer undertook to narrate these occurrences. If others do not perceive, in what he has penned, lessons of duty and forbearance—if others cannot read in these scenes and characters how erring is human judgment—if others fail to imbibe the great truth of charity to all men, but especially to those bound to us by ties of love and relationship,—then indeed has the author labored in vain, no matter how much he may have succeeded in other respects. A single word of thanks for having followed him so long is but a decent return for your patience. And so he drops the curtain.

From the Magazines.

PAULINE BUTLER.

A Tale.

FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.

CHAPTER I.

In an old-fashioned and venerable looking mansion, in one of the most deserted streets of Toulouse, sat a young man, of some eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age. His figure was tall, his eye was quick, and his whole air bespoke the soldier, as well as the dark and up-curled moustache that graced his upper lip. Beside him, on a sofa, a fair and lovely girl was seated, whose hands he held firmly clasped within his own. Both were silent and motionless, and evinced, in their attitude of anxious watching, a state of thrilling expectancy.

Suddenly a slight noise was heard, and then more distinctly the wheels of a carriage at a distance. At the sound they both started; and the young girl, suddenly disengaging her hands, rose and darted with one bound to the window, and looked out with a mingled expression of hope and joy, and even fear, upon her beautiful and girlish face.

In a moment after, the carriage, instead of approaching, seemed to take another direction, and all was again silent. The young girl, disappointed, returned to her seat, and, sighing deeply, said—

"I was again wrong—this was not the carriage we wished for, Ferdinand; your mother will not come; she does not wish to see me."

He to whom these words were addressed, smiled, and, kissing her forehead, while he endeavored in vain to appear angry, said—

"Pauline, you are very silly."

There was a moment's silence, and then she said—

"Well, Ferdinand, would you like me to tell you a secret? There are times I wish your mother would not come—I am afraid of her, dear Ferdinand."

"Foolish child! have I not told you a hundred times of her goodness and indulgence?"

"Yes, for childish faults; but a marriage, Ferdinand, and a marriage without her consent."

"But do you forget she has forgiven, and is coming to us."

"It is just that I cannot believe—that the proud, rich, haughty Marquise de Livry, whose son might have won the noblest in the land, should come to see me; me——"

"Hold your tongue, Pauline," interrupted quickly the young man; when my mother has seen you, she will approve of my choice, I am sure."

"God grant it, Ferdinand. Your mother has such influence upon you, our whole happiness depends upon her opinion of me."

"Saucy one, do you think I should love you less?"

"No, no! never speak of that; but, Ferdinand, read to me again your mother's last letter, sending her pardon, and promise to come to us. I wish to hear it again, to be sure that it is quite true."

"If you wish it, Pauline, we will read it together."

So saying, M. de Livry opened his writing desk, and took out the precious letter; and putting his arm round the neck of his young wife, began to read the following:—

Baden, 15th July, 1838.

"MY DEAR FERDINAND—Both your letters, written in June, found me at Baden, where I have been obliged to come for my health, greatly impaired since the death of your father, and, shall I confess it! since I heard of your marriage.

"You speak of coming with your wife to ask pardon. I am sure, my son, you are grieved at the sorrow you have caused me. There are occasions, however, wherein the fault you have committed—that of marrying a foreigner against the will of your family—however serious, would be *excusable*, particularly in the eyes of your mother."

On reaching this part of the letter, Monsieur and Madame de Livry stopped involuntarily and exchanged a look—but how different the expression in that look! His was that of cold fear, while hers was that of burning shame. After a moment, Ferdinand again began to read and read alone—

"Do not come to Paris. You will not find me there; but expect me at Toulouse the 10th of August at the latest, with best love to all *three*.

"Your affectionate mother,

"MARQUISE DE LIVRY."

"And this is the 10th of August," said Ferdinand, "and my mother is always so punctual, I am sure she will be here soon."

Then seeing that Pauline remained silent, while her eyes were full of tears, he pressed her in his arms, and said—

"Courage, my beloved. Remember my mother is ignorant of every thing; and very likely it is to that we owe her pardon; and do not forget that the Comtesse de Livry, innocent in the eyes of her husband, need not blush before any one."

"How generous you are, and how good," replied Pauline tenderly. "How can I ever prove my gratitude?"

"By loving me always."

At this instant the cracking of whips, and the roll of wheels, announced the arrival of the long-expected Marquise de Livry at the house of her ancestor, where her son had been residing some months.

At this critical moment, Ferdinand, who until now, had not experienced the extreme nervousness of his wife, felt his heart beat violently, and was obliged to stop repeatedly on his way down stairs to meet his mother, from the excess of his agitation.

The moment the Marquise saw her son, she threw herself into his arms, and for some moments was overpowered by her feelings, she could not speak. At last she said—

"And Pauline, where is Pauline?"

At this moment she perceived her daughter-in-law kneeling beside her, and trying to take one of her hands to kiss it. The Marquise lifted her up, affectionately saying—

"Is this the way you receive your mother? Kiss me, my child."

Poor Pauline, overcome by so much kindness, threw herself into her arms, and wept upon her bosom.

In less than an hour after, the three persons who have just been introduced to our readers, were seated quietly in a small drawing-room. The Marquise was placed between her son and daughter-in-law, keeping her eyes constantly fixed on the latter, whose beauty seemed more fascinating every moment. She overwhelmed her with questions, and did not give her time to answer one question, until she asked another.

"Pauline," said the old lady, "you are afraid of me—Ferdinand has told you that I am cross and proud. Naughty fellow! I am not astonished he has forgotten me; it is so long since he has seen me."

"Do not say a word, dear mother," said Ferdinand, hastily. "I know well that I have been sadly neglectful."

"Ah!" replied his young wife, that was the very reason of my confusion when I saw you—knowing that I was the cause of this long separation."

"Fear of your mother, my child! But to begin. My son, tell me how many days have you been with me since you left the army, and that was some years ago. They are easily reckoned. A month in 1834, fifteen days in 1835, and then you never could get away quick enough. I now know the reason; but to hide your marriage from me."

As she said this, Ferdinand exchanged a rapid glance with Pauline, in which a close observer might have detected ill-concealed embarrassment; but recovering himself quickly, he replied with firmness—

"How could I tell you, my dear mother, without letting my father know too? and you know how strict he was always with me; and also his political prejudices were so strong, I could not venture to tell him that I, his only son, had married the daughter of an officer, in the service of one whom he called usurper."

"You seem to have forgotten, my son, that right or wrong, I always agreed in my husband's opinions; and people do not change at my age."

"I do not forget, my dear mother; but you are a woman, and I know that the heart of a woman is all that is kind."

"Very well said, indeed; but still I must tease you, for I am not half satisfied yet; and now that we are all together, you will both of you tell me all the particulars of this event; for from your letters, I could learn nothing but that you were married."

This time, M. de Livry could not hide his displeasure; and, frowning angrily, he stammered out—

"Mother, if you will allow me, we shall talk of this another time. You have travelled a long way; you require rest—you must be tired!"

"Tired! not in the least, my dear," replied the Marquise, gaily. "I came by short stages. I slept at Alby, and dined at Saint Sulpice; so I am ready to hear your romantic tale. It will make me quite young again. Is it long?"

"Oh, not in the least; and since you insist upon it ——"

"Stop, stop; you have talked enough. It is now Pauline's turn. How are we to become acquainted, if we never speak to each other? Begin, my child; I am listening to you."

"Mother," began Ferdinand, driven to his last resource, "you see Pauline is so timid."

"The greater the reason to encourage her. Come, my child, begin."

Pauline looked at her husband; and upon a sign from him determined to speak.

"Madame la Marquise," murmured she in a low voice, "you know ——"

"I know nothing," replied the inquisitive old lady.

The young girl, suppressing a deep sigh by an effort, thus began—

"M. de Livry has already told you that I am of low birth. My father's family were farmers of La Marche, in Lorraine. At eighteen he himself enlisted; but, alas! madame, it was to serve in a cause against which M. de Livry fought. If it was wrong, in your opinion, do not blame me. I am innocent of it."

"Do not think me so unjust," said the Marquise gently.

"In 1814," continued Pauline, "my father was a lieutenant-colonel, and an officer of the 'legion d'honneur.' He wished to leave the service, and obtained a small pension. 1815 arrived, and with 1815 came the emperor. On learning the return of his benefactor, my father girded on his sword, and—I do not know how to tell you—he was one of the first to join Napoleon. What would you have him do! France was mad. Alas! the star of the great captain had set, and the life of the faithful soldier was lost on the same day. My father was killed at Waterloo; my mother, bowed down with grief, soon followed him; and I, almost a baby, then obtained admission into the royal school of Saint Denis, through the interest of some of my father's friends. I was there ten years—ten years that passed like a dream. I had friends—I was happy. When I left it I was alone in the world—alone, I am wrong; I had an aunt; but she was as poor as myself, and we were in the greatest poverty, when ——"

At this part of her story a deep blush spread over her face, and she seemed overwhelmed by some painful recollection.

"Well," cried the Marquise, with astonishment, "go on. When, you said."

The Comte de Livry, who had followed with evident emotion every word his wife uttered, was pale and agitated; but when he perceived that Pauline had ceased to speak, he became red, and cried with impetuosity—

"You see, mother, I was right to tell you that Pauline was timid. At any rate, it was a most unhappy period in her life, and you can well imagine, the remembrance of it is most painful to her! Just then an old friend of her father's spoke of her to the Duchess of L———, who required a governess for her daughters. Pauline was engaged, and in a little time after quitted France for England. Is it not so, Pauline?"

Pauline bowed her head and muttered something quite unintelligible, but inwardly thanked her husband for inventing a falsehood for her, which she would not have dared to do for herself.

M. de Livry continued—

"It was at L——— House, where I was on a visit, that I first met her. You know, mother, that I should have left England to visit Germany and Italy; but do you blame me, now that I had lost all inclination to travel?—do you pardon me now for my marriage?"

"I forgive all," said the Marquise, taking Pauline's hand. "I only require my daughter-in-law to be distinguished by virtue: as for rank, you have enough for both; and now that all is explained, there is another person I must see."

"Who!" stammered Monsieur and Madame de Livry at the same moment.

"Who but a most important personage; one whom I shall be delighted to style my grandson—in truth, I was remiss not to think of him before."

Ferdinand and Pauline threw down their eyes simultaneously.

"What, then, is he ill?" asked the Marquise, with an expression of doubt and anxiety.

"Oh no," said the Comte; "on the contrary he is perfectly well; but we do not keep him with us:" and as he saw the astonishment of his mother, he hastened to explain the reason, though with a hurried and uncertain manner.

"His health was for a long time uncertain, but, thank God, now quite re-established, owing to the measure taken—a measure that was absolutely necessary, for Pauline was killing herself with watching and uneasiness. Though apparently cruel, I sent him to a school about six miles from Toulouse."

"To school?" interrupted the Marquise; "a child of five years old?"

"He is young, to be sure," replied M. de Livry, red from confusion; "but at that school the air is excellent and the teachers good; and then his mother goes to see him every other day."

"Ferdinand," said the Marquise coldly, "I have but one thing to say to you—until the day you entered the military college, you had never quitted *me*."

At the moment the Comte was about to reply, when the door opened, and there entered the room a young and pretty woman, beautifully, but rather showily dressed, who, on seeing Pauline, threw her arms round her neck, saying—

"Forgive me, forgive me, dear Pauline, for forcing my way in; but I was dying to see you once more. How lucky that I thought of stopping at Toulouse, on my return from the waters of Bagneres,—where I thought I should have died of *ennui*,—since it enables me to embrace you once more, my old and best 'camarade.'"

"Her old 'camarade,'" whispered the Marquise to her son, who, pale and motionless, seemed thunderstruck. "What can this lady mean?"

"Mother," replied Ferdinand, in a voice scarcely audible, "I will explain it all by-and-by."

"Oh," replied La Marquise, "I know: this lady, without doubt, was educated at Saint Denis, with Pauline."

"Perhaps so—no—I do not know," stammered the unhappy Ferdinand.

"You do not know, my son; then you do not know this lady."

At this moment the stranger cried out—

"Ah, Monsieur the Comte de Livry, you look confused; and it is I after all should be angry at your not telling me of your marriage; but you know I am good natured: so I forgive you; and let us be friends—kiss me."

CHAPTER II.

The reader is no doubt curious to know who was this beautiful person who had arrived so unceremoniously at M. de Livry's. It would take us too long now to tell more than her name—the rest will follow in our narrative. We need only say she was called Madame de Melcourt—she was rich and a widow.

"Thank God," said Ferdinand to his wife the day after the arrival of his mother at Toulouse, "all has passed better than I had ventured to hope. My mother suspects nothing, and loves you with all her heart. At one moment I feared Madame de Melcourt would have betrayed us, and if I had not taken my mother out of the room she might have discovered all."

"What could I do, dear Ferdinand?" replied Pauline with gentleness; "the coldness of my welcome might have checked her; but you know she saw me at London at a period—a frightful period. You see as much interested in her silence as I am, and the only way to ensure it is to be civil to her; and after all she is good hearted, and I am sure would not willingly annoy me—she will not remain long here."

"The sooner she goes the better."

"She had heard in the town we were to have a few friends here this evening to meet your mother—do not be angry, love—I could not avoid asking her."

"And she will come!"

"Oh, Ferdinand, in what a manner you ask that, as if it were my fault;" and a tear came to her eye as she spoke—a tear, however, quickly dried, for at that moment the servant announced Madame de Melcourt. Ferdinand knowing it was impossible to conceal his vexation, bowed coldly and left the room.

"It would appear that I drive M. de Livry away," said she, without disturbing herself.

"No, no," replied Pauline, blushing deeply; "he is, I am sure, gone to dress himself."

"You think so; so much the better, for I have just come over to consult you upon mine."

"My dear Fanny, whatever you put on you are always pretty; and do not forget that we are now in a province; and at any rate I will tell every one that you are here but for a day on your way to Paris."

"But you would be quite wrong."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Yes, my dear, I have decided to remain in Toulouse—it is a very pretty town, and I dare say not a bad place to get married."

"What! then you really think of marrying?"

"Why, yes, Pauline; I wish to follow your example. Since I saw you yesterday I have never thought of any thing but marriage. There is a young man in this town who was madly in love with me at Bagneres 'T is true I do not like him, but he is rich and I am not poor, and so we could buy a pretty chateau in the neighborhood, where I could live like a princess, and how delightful to be near you, to see you every day—would it not be charming? As to my lover he is not very bad—he is a little ridiculous to be sure, but I will make him get his hair cut, and go to poor M. de Melcourt's tailor, and then he will make as good a husband as another,—why not better than another? I am sure we shall be perfectly happy."

"But this young man's family, will they consent to your marriage?"

"M. de Livry's consented to yours."

Pauline blushed and looked down; while Madame de Melcourt added with a grand air—

"Because I sang the '*gavaudan*!' Well, if I had married Lord Falmouth when he was going to India, I should be an English peeress now, and I could go to court with an emblazoned carriage and powdered footmen. Laura, you remember Laura who sang so badly, she is a marquise; Alida is a comtesse, and Celine is an 'ambassadrice;' their elevation did not turn their heads, they remained just the same—no affectation, no pride—and still they were as grand, as rich, and as happy as you."

"As happy," said Pauline mournfully; "I can easily believe it."

"And are you not happy, then?—my poor Pauline, what is that you say?"

"I say, that if it be the hope of being as happy as I am, makes you stay at Toulouse, it were better to go."

"Ah, I see what you are afraid of—imprudence—discovery; but who could be base enough to disturb M. de Livry's happiness by telling him?"

"M. de Livry has nothing to learn."

"You have told him?"

"Every thing."

"After your marriage?"

"No! before it."

"And after that——"

"Yes, after that—after my refusal, for God knows I did not wish to marry him—M. de Livry is the husband of ——. I struggled against my love—against his, but when I saw that his affection resisted the confession the most humiliating—the most cruel a woman can make to a man she loves, I felt myself give way, and if I had not been a mother, I should never have been his wife—I should have been his mistress."

"Unhappy Pauline!"

"I sacrificed myself, but it was to save him."

"Oh, now I guess the cause of your unhappiness—this great love has cooled, and the fond lover is become the husband, and ——, but it is not necessary to say more."

"You are wrong, Fanny, quite wrong; Ferdinand loves me as well as ever; it is neither from change nor unkindness I suffer; it is because I see him suffer—I cannot speak to any one without his being jealous, fearing that I had known them before I knew him, and you, Fanny, who knew me at London—you who could with one chance word, reveal all to his mother! now you understand my fears, my terror: guess then what I dare not ask you, and act as you please."

While Pauline was speaking, Madame de Melcourt had become thoughtful—a thing very unusual with her—and then said impatiently—

"Why did you not tell me sooner, my poor Pauline! I will do as you like. You know well, though I am giddy and foolish, I am a sincere friend."

"My good Fanny," said Madame de Livry, tenderly pressing Madame de Melcourt's hands, "I shall love you all my life."

At this moment a servant came to tell Pauline that the Marquise had returned from her drive, and that her husband wished to speak to her. Madame de Melcourt rose to go.

"Adieu, dear Pauline," said she, with a theatrical air; "adieu; I shall go and order post-horses for to-morrow, but I do not forget that I owe you my last evening, and for once I wish to pay my debts, though it is not my custom."

Some minutes after Pauline went into the drawing-room, where she found La Marquise, Ferdinand, and a very small young man, dressed in the extreme of fashion; his name was Claude Dufour, but thinking Claude not sufficiently aristocratic, he took that of Clodion. The moment he saw Pauline he determined to make a conquest, and taking her hand familiarly, said—

"How do you do, my pretty cousin? What, not gone to dress yet—at seven o'clock. But then it is true," added he, turning toward the Marquise, "when one is as pretty as Madame de Livry, it is superfluous—is it not so, aunt?"

"I think so," said the old lady, "but still one must do as others do, and I think Pauline will just have time to dress."

"Do you hear, pretty cousin," said Clodion, with emphasis, "you must go."

"I'm going," said Pauline to the Marquise, who kissed her on the forehead as she went out.

"Happy Ferdinand," said Clodion, with a sigh, as Pauline shut the door; "and I—— Ah," said he, suddenly changing his manner, "you must think it very bad taste in me to come here at seven in the evening, but naturally I wished to see my aunt, and I have a favor to ask."

"What is it?"

"That you will allow me to bring a stranger here this evening—a traveller—a Spaniard, who has an introduction from one of my best friends. And, aunt, he will suit you admirably, for they tell me he is a person of high rank, and a great partisan of Don Carlos."

"My dear Clodion," replied Ferdinand, "you know we see so few people here, and do not like to see strange faces."

"But he is a very nice person."

"His name?"

"M. de Fontenay."

"His age?"

"A proper age—six and thirty."

"What are his means?"

"His means—ah—I think he has a rich uncle, and expects every thing from him at his death. What ridiculous questions! But I have already invited him, and he is now waiting my return at my house—must I break my word?"

"If you have already promised I have nothing more to say."

"I beg pardon, aunt, for talking so much of this stranger. I am so happy I returned from the waters just as you arrived here—it will distract me a little."

"Ah," interrupted M. de Livry, "I did not know you required it: what has happened you?"

"Unfortunately, I met at Bagneres a woman—oh, what a woman!—a French woman who sings like Grisi, and who has seen all the great capitals—London, and Petersburgh, Berlin——"

"What a traveller," said the Marquise; "and her name?"

"Oh, she is a great person, her name is Madame de Melcourt."

"Melcourt!" repeated La Marquise; "is not that the name of Pauline's friend who was here yesterday?"

"Melcourt!" repeated Ferdinand in a low voice, shuddering.

"Oh," began Clodion, "I am the happiest of men. I left Bagneres because she was no longer there, and I find her here in the bosom of my family."

"Gently, my dear Clodion," said M. de Livry, coldly; "if you wish so much to see this lady, you can easily be satisfied—she comes here this evening."

"This evening! is it possible! You are not deceiving me, Ferdinand. Oh, I shall lose my reason! But now that you know of my love for Madame de Melcourt, I may as well tell you that I am determined to marry her if I can persuade her to have me—of which, as yet, I am not at all sure."

"Is it possible!" cried Ferdinand, with a movement of affright impossible to describe.

"Madame de Melcourt is then a widow?" said the Marquise.

"Certainly," replied Clodion. "She was married at an early age to a colonel who was killed in Africa: it is a very affecting story—she did not love him at all. Well, aunt, what do you think of my resolution to marry her?"

"I think that if I were in your place I should not marry any one who could not bring me her first affections."

"But I tell you, aunt, she never did love the colonel."

"No matter, she has seen the world—her opinions are formed, and she is too old to change them if they do not agree with yours; and then you will be unhappy for the rest of your life."

"It's true, murmured M. de Livry,—"it's too true."

"Don't you think so, Ferdinand!" added the Marquise.

Ferdinand did not reply, for at that moment Pauline entered the room, looking more beautiful than ever, though dressed in a simple white muslin dress.

"This letter is for you, mamma," said she.

"Already," cried La Marquise, looking at the address. "I think I know the writing. It is from Madame de Lostanges, my dearest friend. You know her misfortune, Ferdinand."

"Yes, I think I heard something of it long ago—did she not lose her fortune?"

"Alas, yes! poor thing she foolishly entrusted it to some speculator, who, instead of making enormously, as she expected, failed. I suppose she has something important to tell me, or I should not have heard from her so soon again. Pauline, your eyes are younger than mine, will you read it for me?"

"I was just going to offer to do so."

"So much the better—do begin, my love."

"MY DEAR FRIEND—You are aware that I have been seeking in vain for four years the infamous man who ruined me and my children; that vile——"

Here Pauline suddenly ceased reading, and, turning deadly pale, remained with her eyes still fixed on the paper in her hand, unable to read further.

"Well, Pauline," said the Marquise, "can you not make out the name?—alas, D'Herbanne is but too well known."

"D'Herbanne!" repeated Ferdinand with an indescribable mixture of rage and passion.

"You know him then, Ferdinand!" said the Marquise, hastily.

"I—no—not I," said he gloomily.

"Yet the name seems not unknown to you. Go on, Pauline."

It was with a voice scarcely audible that poor Pauline re-commenced reading this fatal letter. It ran thus—

"This D'Herbanne escaped to England, taking with him a young woman, called Pauline Butler—a false name, no doubt—for she was French by birth and a pupil of the Conservatoire; her extravagance, it is said, ruined him. After remaining a year in London, he went to Spain, where it was supposed he was killed, but my cousin, who has taken so much interest in my affairs, has discovered a respectable old man, an uncle of D'Herbanne's, at Bayonne, who told him that the report of his nephew's death was false, for that he was only prisoner."

In pronouncing these last words, Pauline tottered, her eyes closed, and the letter fell from her hands. Ferdinand, pale and agitated rushed over and caught her in his arms in time to save her from falling. Unfortunately, at this moment the sound of voices and steps was heard, and a servant came to announce the arrival of some of the expected guests.

"Say," muttered Ferdinand, in a half-choked voice, "that Madame de Livry is taken suddenly ill, and cannot receive them this evening." Then he leaned over Pauline, and said bitterly, "Take care, do you not see my mother and cousin are watching you?"

"Oh, forgive me, dear Ferdinand," murmured Pauline, who though pale and ill, now insisted upon receiving her guests, alleging that she was quite recovered. "Come, mamma, until I introduce you to our friends—by-and-by I will finish the letter."

Pauline, leaning on the Marquise, walked to the other end of the room, where a number of persons had already arrived. Scarcely had she time to look about her, ere her eyes rested upon a person standing alone, apparently a stranger to all around him. Scarcely had she seen him than the blood fled back to her heart, a sickening cold came over her, and a low faint cry broke from her lips, which was, however, drowned in the din around her. The individual who called forth this emotion was a tall, fine-looking man of about thirty-six, very much sunburnt, with a proud and insolent expression of sarcasm on his features. He presented himself before her, and bowed formally.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Ferdinand, quickly, who was standing near his wife, his heart already filled with the most cruel suspicion; but who have I the honor to——"

"Sir," answered the stranger, coldly, but courteously, "I am M. de Fontenay. I should have been presented to you by your cousin, but having waited for him in vain all the evening, I have been obliged to present myself."

"'Tis true, 'tis true," said Clodion; "I am a wretch—ten thousand pardons; I have lost my senses this evening—but I will explain it all to you."

M. de Livry bowed coldly, without speaking.

Pauline murmured a low "My God have mercy upon me," and sank upon a chair.

CHAPTER III.

M. de Livry was seated in his study, his head buried in his hands, a prey to the most painful reflections. Since his mother's arrival nothing had gone right. His marriage, that before seemed to constitute his greatest happiness, now appeared to him in a very different light. The past—that past that he would give all he possessed on earth to forget, and make others forget—never left his thoughts for a moment. He had believed that in going to live in a retired part of France, he should escape meeting any one that had ever known her whom he had made his wife, and one of the first persons he meets is this horrible Madame de Melcourt, who knows his secret, and to whom he is obliged to be civil, afraid she should betray him. But all this would have been bearable, if jealousy had not taken possession of him. Why did this M. de Fontenay want to force his way into their house, if it was not for Pauline? Did he not, the whole evening, take every opportunity of being near her, to speak to her? And she—had she not, several times turned from him apparently embarrassed? Were they acquainted? Perhaps M. de Fontenay had already seen Pauline;—perhaps loved her. And she —— Poor Ferdinand! what a dreadful thought came next.

While in this state of perplexity, like all jealous people, he dared not question his wife, who had also avoided being alone with him. Some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said M. de Livry, glad to see any one rather than be left to his own thoughts.

"Are you alone?" said Clodion, in a hoarse voice, and frowning dreadfully.

Ferdinand nodded an affirmative, when the other bolted the door, and, seating himself beside his cousin, said in a mysterious manner:—

"It is the first time I ever brought a person I could not answer for, into a respectable house, and it shall be the last time, I promise you."

"You are right," said Ferdinand, astonished at the exordium. "But, of whom are you speaking?"

"Of M. de Fontenay."

It was now Ferdinand's turn to frown.

"Well!" said he impatiently.

"Well!—they are acquainted."

"Who?"

"And to make me their go-between!"

"Who!" interrupted M. de Livry, rising from his seat with violence. "I wish to know who is the person that knew M. de Fontenay."

"Is it possible you have not guessed? Madame de Melcourt."

"Madame de Melcourt!" cried Ferdinand, with his face bright with joy. "Oh, I was mad!" And he fell back on his seat, like a person who had got rid of a heavy load, the color returned to his cheeks, his breathing became free, and life, which appeared to be fast leaving him, returned in a moment. M. de Fontenay knew Madame de Melcourt,—it was, then, for her he had come.

"Clodion could not help muttering: "And that is all you care for what I suffer."

"I must know, first," said Ferdinand, smiling, "what you have to complain of."

"What I have to complain of!" replied Clodion, bitterly. "Don't you know I love Madame de Melcourt? Do you not know that I have some reason to think I am not indifferent to her!—that she, yesterday evening, danced both the first quadrille and first waltz with me!—that I squeezed her hand!—and——"

"I see nothing in that you can complain of, my dear Clodion."

"That is possible; but you do not know the rest!"

"Well, tell me."

"Know, then, at the moment that I conducted Madame de Melcourt to her seat, this impostor (he must be an impostor) approached her, and spoke to her in a low voice; and, fancying himself unperceived, he put into her hand a note."

"Is it possible!"

"I saw it with my own eyes."

"Well, and then what did you do?"

"What did I do, my dear fellow! I pretended not to see it, but watched her till she left the room, and followed her, and tried to get the note from her, which she still held in her hand; but failed in doing so, for she slipped it slyly into your wife's hand."

"My wife's!" exclaimed Ferdinand, much agitated. "It is not possible—you did not see well!"

"I tell you it happened exactly as I say. I am not blind. Your wife was passing—Madame de Melcourt whispered her something, and slipped her the note."

Ferdinand pondered for some minutes, then muttered—

"You must ask an explanation of this from Madame de Melcourt."

"I have done so."

"And she told you——" replied the count, quickly.

"Nothing, nothing. She absolutely said (I am almost ashamed to repeat it) that I was fairy-struck. I thought it rather sharp."

"But is it not possible you were deceived by jealousy? One fancies so many things."

"Others do. I do not. She is a flirt, and I will be revenged;—do you hear that?"

"Revenged!—certainly," replied Ferdinand, squeezing the young man's hand. "You may count upon me."

"I am delighted to see you take it up so warmly;—but you are an old soldier, and I will leave every thing in your hands."

"You may make yourself quite easy. But now, leave me."

"One word more. Would it not be well done if I were to speak to your wife about it?"

"Not one word, for your life!—Pauline must know nothing. But go, go—I want to be alone."

"As you please, my dear fellow: and if it should ever happen to you to be similarly circumstanced, you can always count upon me. Good-bye!"

Ferdinand passed a most painful half hour in meditating over all he had heard: sometimes thinking of the note intended for Madame de Melcourt—sometimes for Pauline; and yet, could not summon resolution enough to ask his wife the real destination of the letter. While still undecided, a servant came to tell him his mother was ready to start on a country excursion, with some other ladies, as arranged on the previous evening, and to know if he was ready to accompany them.

He took his hat, and was going down stairs, when he met the Marquise, who said somewhat crossly:—

"Our party is quite spoiled, you see."

"Why?" said Ferdinand; "the weather is delightful."

"It is not the weather," replied the Marquise; "but your wife is ill."

"That is very strange;—she was quite well this morning. Is she so ill as to be confined to bed?"

"No; but to the house."

"I will go and see her, and find out——"

"I will go with you."

The moment that M. de Livry saw his wife his suspicions vanished, and, kissing her fondly, he said:—

"What is this my mother tells—that you are ill?"

"Not ill enough to make you uneasy love," replied Pauline, a little embarrassed; "but I am not quite well."

"You cannot be well," interrupted the Marquise,

"Your voice is quite changed, and you look as if you had been crying."

"Oh, no, no, said Pauline blushing deeply.

"Whatever it is, my child, I will not leave you alone. Ferdinand can go with these ladies, while I remain with you."

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you," replied Pauline, impatiently. "I should be so sorry to prevent your going! The weather is charming. I think I should become really ill, if I did not see you go to enjoy it."

"I agree with my wife," added Ferdinand, looking at Pauline coldly and steadily; "it is a sacrifice you should not—you could not, accept to-day. Is it not so?"

"Ferdinand," said Pauline timidly, "I do not quite understand you. If you think my absence would be wrong—that I ought to go—if you wish it—if you insist upon it——"

"If I insist upon it!" interrupted M. de Livry, with bitterness. "You know I have never insisted upon any thing, Pauline; and it is not when you are ill I would begin."

"I know," said Pauline mildly, "you are always kind to me. Believe me, I did not mean to vex you."

"Mother," said Ferdinand coldly, "we need not be uneasy about leaving Pauline; her illness is not very alarming—and the ladies are waiting."

"You really wish I should leave you?" said the Marquise, holding out her hand to Pauline.

"I wish it," replied Pauline, with an indefinable expression;—"I entreat it."

"Take good care of yourself, love, in our absence, and be quite well on our return."

Ferdinand, contrary to his custom, left the room without speaking to her, though evidently not without a struggle. Pauline looked at him reproachfully, and, when the door was shut, she watched at the window until they drove away, and then falling on her knees, said:—

"God forgive me for having deceived them."

At that moment twelve o'clock struck, and her door opened slowly and noiselessly.

CHAPTER IV.

The person who entered the room was Madame de Melcourt, of whom the reader already knows a little.

"I watched for your husband's going out, dear Pauline; but tell me, how you feel!"

"I do not know," replied Madame de Livry; who, on hearing the door open, had jumped up suddenly. "My poor head is wild. I am so glad you have come to me. Sit near me, Fanny, and do not leave me."

"Poor Pauline!—what an event!"

"Is it not something unheard of,—is it not something too dreadful? It is a miracle how I supported the presence of that man with so much firmness."

"But the papers—the official letters, all announced his death."

"If I had not had the most convincing proofs of it, do you think I should ever have married?"

I see the difficulty of your position, if M. de Livry should know."

"He know! Do not make me desperate, Fanny;—do not make me lose the little reason I have."

"What did he say in the note I gave you yesterday evening?"

"Oh, the note!—I burned it immediately, afraid Ferdinand should see it. It was very short. He should see me to-day. He knows there was an excursion planned for the country,—that I must avoid joining it, but send my husband. There was also a postscript, in which he said I ran no risk in seeing him, as he had changed his name, and his visit would pass as one of civility. You see, Fanny, I have done all. But what can he want with me! Has he not already done me mischief enough!"

"Then you are resolved to see him."

"Me! Oh, no! That is the reason I wrote to you this morning; I reckoned upon your friendship, Fanny."

"What can I do for you?"

"Receive him instead of me."

"What shall I say to him?"

"Listen! Notwithstanding all they say, I believe him to be an honest man,—I wish to believe it, at least. Tell him that he has ruined me once, and that God has saved me, but that if Ferdinand knew he still lived, happiness for me would be for ever gone, and I could only die. Tell him—but Fanny, you are a woman,—you are kind—you pity me—you love me. Tell him all that can move him—all that can touch his heart. Ask for mercy, in my name; for, when Ferdinand's happiness, perhaps his life, depends on it, I must not be proud."

"Dear Pauline, be calm; I will try to have courage."

At this moment there was a loud knock at the hall-door; Madame de Livry became pale as death; the blow of the knocker seemed to have smote her heart. She remained some seconds thus, her eye fixed—her mouth open. Madame de Melcourt was terrified.

"Stay, Pauline," said she; "you had better receive him yourself. He will see how you suffer, and assuredly will pity you."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Madame de Livry, "not till I am forced. Nothing but force, Fanny, could make me see that man."

A servant entered and said:—

"M. de Fontenay wishes to know if he can see Madame de Livry?"

"Show him up stairs," said Pauline, in a voice scarcely articulate, and as the servant left the room, she threw herself into Madame de Melcourt's arms.

"Fanny—my own Fanny," said she, overpowered, "I have no hope but in you; learn what brings him here, and—if it be possible that he loves me still—conjure him in the name of that love to leave this place."

"He is coming up stairs—I hear him," replied Madame de Melcourt, quickly.

Pauline uttered a faint cry, and fled.

At the same moment the servant announced M. de Fontenay. He did not seem surprised at not finding Pauline in the room when he entered, being well accustomed to conceal all his emotions. But when Madame de Melcourt muttered something about Pauline's serious illness, who had begged her to receive him in her stead, he replied in his usual sarcastic manner:

"At any other time I should be delighted to play the galant, and tell you I was most happy to see you in the place of Madame de Livry, but to-day I am obliged to be candid,—and it is Madame de Livry I must speak with."

The dry tone in which he said this, disconcerted Madame de Melcourt for a moment, but she remembered Pauline's position, and replied with dignity:—

"Monsieur de Fontenay, or rather Monsieur D'Herbanne,—for before me you may lay aside your assumed named,—do you know to what danger you expose Madame de Livry, by coming to her house?"

He shrugged his shoulders slightly, and replied in the coolest manner:—

"Madame de Melcourt, or rather, Fanny Melville,—for before me you may resume your name,—can you tell me what has become of Lord F——th, the assiduous attendant at the opera?"

She to whom this question was addressed did not seem in the least embarrassed, but answered smartly:—

"Lord F—— has got a high appointment in India, but before going, settled a pension of a thousand a year on a person who was most sincerely attached to him. But to return to Pauline, will you tell me frankly the meaning of your visit?"

"And," added the unsparing M. de Fontenay, "the person in whom Lord F—— took such interest, did she not speak of a husband she had left—there—somewhere—on the Continent? Why did she not return to him?"

"It was what she was about to do, when a misfortune prevented her."

"What?"

"Her poor husband."

"Well?"

"He died."

"Then there really was such a person?"

"Sir!"

"Do not be angry. You ask me questions—I ask you others;—Is there any harm in that?"

"Then you do not intend to answer me?"

"Certainly not."

"One word at least—yes or no:—would you ruin Pauline?"

"No;—that is to say, if I see her, and she will do what I want, I leave Toulouse to-morrow, and she shall never see me again."

"If she refuse?"

"She will not refuse, madame;—and that door, to which you turn so uneasily, which appears to be not quite close, I venture to say will open immediately."

Scarcely had he pronounced the last words when the door was opened violently, and Pauline entered, pale, but dignified.

"You are right, sir. I am here."

"I did not know," replied D'Herbanne, bowing lowly, "I was so good a prophet."

"And I did not know you were so cruel." Then turning to Madame de Melcourt, she said:—

"Thank you, dear Fanny, for all your affection. You are a good and faithful friend."

Madame de Melcourt took Pauline's hand, and pressed it warmly, and then turning to the man who had treated her so contemptuously, she said proudly:—

"Monsieur D'Herbanne, I thought you once a gentleman," and left the room.

Whether these words annoyed him, or that it is impossible for a man who has ever tenderly loved a woman, to meet her again with indifference, though he no longer loves her, I know not, but D'Herbanne had lost all his firmness, and Pauline was obliged to break the silence.

"Well, sir, what do you want with me?"

"Pauline," stammered he, in a stifled voice.

"To all the world, and more particularly to you, sir, I am Madame de Livry. May I beg you to remember it."

"Madame de Livry,—be it so,—but believe me, it is not my fault that you have not another name; and when you broke, by your flight, the ties that united us, I was on the eve——"

"Sir, if I had taken your name, I should have respected it, as I do now the one I bear. But speak; you see I wait."

"I beg your pardon. If I have not been so prompt to explain myself as you are impatient to hear me, think of what I must feel, and feel deeply."

"Mercy!—have mercy, and tell me at once the reason of your visit."

"I cannot tell you without making allusions to circumstances which you have forbidden me to remind you of."

"I did not forbid you, sir; I begged you to spare me; if you have not generosity enough to do so, go on."

"No, madame; since you require it, I will not speak of myself. I can sacrifice myself to satisfy you; but I cannot give up my interest in the only thing that remains to me in the world. You must feel I wish to speak of my son." And, as Madame de Livry bent her head, and hid her face in her hands, he continued—"You should never have seen me, madame—I should never have come to disturb your happiness, except for the future welfare of my boy."

Pauline looked up, and now, less severely than before, said:—

"If it was love for your son that brought you, I have done you wrong,—forgive me. The child is happy, thank God! and his future welfare provided for by a secret deed, made by M. de Livry, acknowledging him when he married me; consequently, he is the legitimate inheritor of his property and his name."

"His name!" cried D'Herbanne, impetuously. "What is it you say! What right had you to deprive him of mine! That you should dispose of yourself I can well conceive, as all the English papers believed the report of my death,—and you were free; but my son—by what power have you disposed of him? He belongs to me, madame, and I come to demand him!"

Pauline remained stupified for some instants after those terrible words, and then cried in a voice scarcely articulate:—

"To demand him! You come to demand my son!"

"Yes, madame," replied D'Herbanne, who had regained all his coolness.

"But you have not understood what I told you," said the unhappy mother. "Paul is the son of M. de Livry, who has acknowledged him, and given him his name and his fortune."

"M. de Livry can do as he pleases, but I am not bound by his acts. His rights, which are but those of legal fiction, can never interfere with the rights of blood."

"Are you in earnest? Do you forget that the birth of that child you could have acknowledged, and yet did not."

"You did not give me time. Why did you leave me? Why did you conceal yourself so in London, that I could not find you?"

"Why did I leave you? You know well. Because I never was with you, except as a victim, and almost a prisoner. The bread of infamy would have killed my son."

"A happy chance has repaired my wrong towards you,—let me now repair those against him."

"What, sir? You think that your son could one day thank you for dishonoring his mother; for you are not ignorant of my position in M. de Livry's family. They believe we have been married five years; they believe Paul to be the fruit of that union:—Give him to you, sir—you, whose real name might be known at any moment! 'Tis to tell all—to confess all! I will not speak of the cruelty of ruining a woman who has never injured you. But, what interest can you have in doing so? Do not speak to me of your love—I do not believe in it. Do not speak to me of your son, for it is to him you are the most cruel. You would take him from a certain position, to give him, instead, a poor, uncertain, miserable existence! 'Tis frightful! Excuse yourself, if you can, sir."

"I can do so with one word. In claiming my child, I can secure more to him than I take from him."

"Explain yourself clearly, sir; you see that I am in torture."

"As clearly as I can, madame; like you, I wish to have it ended. You have often heard me speak of an uncle at Bayonne, who educated me——"

"Yes, yes."

"My uncle is enormously rich, and I should be his heir, but unfortunately he is prejudiced against me, and he hesitates to give me his fortune, to dissipate, as he says I did my own; and it was only on revealing the existence of my son, but concealing the name of his mother, that he has consented to make his will. This arrangement suits all; it satisfies *his* scruples, and my interest. My son will be my uncle's heir, but, until his majority, I shall receive his income."

"I understand, sir—your paternal love is still a speculation."

"Madame——"

"But I will not be an accomplice in this, as I have been in many others. Never—never."

Here there was a silence of some instants. Pauline, a prey to violent excitement, had thrown herself into an arm-chair, at the end of the room, and D'Herbanne, severely stung by her last words, seemed about to lose his habitual coolness, but, quickly regaining command over himself, he approached Madame de Livry, and settling upon her his steady and penetrating look, he pronounced, with pitiless coldness, the following words:

"Pauline, mind what you are about—we change places. You speak to me as if it was I that was in your power. Understand a little better your position. This is what I require of you—a letter to the master of the school where my son is: with that, I shall go and get him, and all shall be ended. You see I wish to avoid all scandal. You can make fitting excuses to account for the child's absence, and the position you fear so much to lose——"

"Sir," interrupted Pauline, quickly, "do you still talk to me of my position—of my honor? I think no more of either. It is no longer Madame de Livry who speaks to you, it is an unhappy mother. Remember, I have rights as sacred as yours,—leave me my son—leave me my son!"

It was with heart-rending earnestness that Pauline said these words, at the same time taking hold of D'Herbanne's hands, and pressing them gently. He appeared moved,—it was but for a moment. He disengaged his hands coldly, and moved away.

"I have but one thing to reply to you. To take this child to my uncle, I have left Navarre, where I was safe. I came to France, where, at any moment, I may be arrested as an agent of Don Carlos. I shall leave Toulouse to-morrow morning. You see I have no time to lose. If, in the course of the day, I do not receive the letter I have asked, I shall be obliged to come this evening, and ask M. de Livry. We shall see if he will dare refuse it me."

"Oh, one or other must fall!" cried Pauline, rising from her chair, and running to D'Herbanne; but already he was at the door, which was open. Bowing respectfully to Madame de Livry, he said in a low but firm voice:—

"You still have some hours to deliberate."

A moment after, he was gone, leaving poor Pauline nearly fainting. When she began to recover a little, she thought she must have had a frightful dream; but soon she remembered the dreadful threat contained in his last words, "This evening I will come and demand my son of M. de Livry." She knew that if M. de Livry was aware that D'Herbanne still lived, and with such a claim on her, he would never rest until one or other had fallen in a duel. She had no choice—she must give up her son—and into what hands? Suddenly a happy thought appeared to strike her, for she rushed to the table, and began writing with great rapidity:—

"Sir—I consent to part with my son, but on one condition: I know your uncle is a gentleman, and I do not fear to entrust to him my secret——"

The door opened suddenly, and the Marquise entered, leaning on Ferdinand's arm. Pauline started, and shutting her writing-box hastily, hid the note in her bosom.

CHAPTER V.

The place which Pauline occupied in a dark corner of the room made her suppose she had escaped the observation of her husband, and running gaily to the Marquise, said,

"Back already. I am so glad."

"We went a very short way," replied La Marquise. "Ferdinand was so anxious to return on your account. How are you now?"

"Much better."

"I am glad to hear it. Do you know the news I received on my return? My friend, Madame de Lostanges, whose letter you read yesterday, has arrived at Toulouse on her way to Bayonne, about the affairs I told you of."

"Heavens!" murmured Pauline, turning deadly pale.

"She begs me to come see her, continued the Marquise; "and I have a favor to ask of you, my children: Madame de Lostanges is my dearest friend; she remains but two days at Toulouse to rest—Can we let her remain at a hotel?"

"You must, of course, mother, ask her to come to us."

"And that your invitation may not be refused, would it not be well that one of you should come with me?"

"I think so too; and since Pauline is so much better she will go with you."

"Excuse me," said Pauline; "but I have something to do."

"Oh," said M. de Livry, in the most natural manner, "perhaps a letter begun; it may be the same you were writing when we came in; but it will be time enough when you return."

"Ferdinand," murmured Pauline tremblingly.

"Madame," added Ferdinand, in a low voice, "accompany my mother; and on your return I must beg a moment's conversation with you."

Pauline looked timidly at her husband; but though he was pale she could not discover any appearance of anger. She gave her arm to the Marquise, and went out with her.

Left to himself, M. de Livry commenced walking up and down the room in a state of great agitation. He had not done so more than three or four times, when he was suddenly stopped by Clodion, who entered at the moment looking more sombre, more morose, and more blood-thirsty than ever.

"What do you want?" said Ferdinand, with a disagreeable presentiment.

"My dear fellow," said he, putting his finger on his lips mysteriously, "while you were out, there happened such things."

"What things? Speak—go on—can't you speak, man!"

"Let me recover myself a little, I am wretched. Your mother was quite right when she advised me not to marry Madame de Melcourt. She is an arrant flirt."

"You have, then, fresh cause for anger."

"Have I!—indeed, have I!" replied Clodion, with a tragical air. "You will not say now that I am blinded by jealousy. When I left you this morning I went to the hotel where Madame de Melcourt stops. I wished to see her—to speak to her—to reproach her for her deceitful conduct. I only saw her maid, who told me she had a headache. You know what a headache means with ladies."

"Well, and then."

"And then—nothing, but suspecting it to be an excuse, I went to a friend's just opposite and remained there watching. I had not been there above three quarters of an hour, when I saw my lady go out dressed most coquettishly. Her headache did not last long it appears."

"You followed her."

"Exactly so; but guess the road she took."

"What do I care!"

"The road to your house, my dear fellow—that is the fun of it. I was following her to ask an explanation of her conduct, when I saw that detestable M. de Fontenay."

"M. de Fontenay!"

"Himself. He turned the corner of the street, which changed my intention; and I turned into the house of another of my friends, and had scarcely time to run to the window when I saw him enter your house."

"My house!"

"Are you not indignant! but who did he come for but Madame de Melcourt, as you, your wife, and your mother were all out: it was a meeting arranged between them."

"This is too much! This man had the audacity—"

"Thanks! thanks! my dear fellow. I know well your friendship for me would make you take it up warmly."

"Go on then," interrupted M. de Livry, with violence; "do you not see I wait the end of your story. You remained watching them?"

"Until Madame de Melcourt went out."

"She went out with M. de Fontenay."

"Not at all: she went out alone."

"But he—he remained until when?"

"Faith, I do not know. I was more interested in Madame de Melcourt than him, and I hurried after her. She turned her head at the sound of my steps; and to my look of indignation she returned a good morning, 'good morning, I am in a great hurry,' and walked on quickly."

Ferdinand remained a moment silent, and then said, "Where does M. de Fontenay stop?"

"At the Hotel de France."

"I will go to him."

"As my friend?"

"Without doubt."

"What is the matter with you, Ferdinand, you are so pale? Nothing, nothing. Listen Clodion; there is not perhaps in all this, either fault or crime, if her honor be touched, be patient; every thing will be arranged as it ought to be; but in the mean time not a word of your jealousy to a human being, and above all to Madame de Melcourt. Swear it to me."

"Then you will tell me when I ought to feel angry."

"Yes."

"Well then, I promise."

"Hush! here is Pauline."

Pauline had just returned, after leaving her mother-in-law at Madame de Lostanges who had declined their hospitality. On perceiving her husband and cousin apparently in earnest conversation, she was about to leave the room, but Ferdinand made a sign to her to remain. Clodion, having nothing more to say, rose to take leave, and pressing Ferdinand's hand, said in a low voice, "I will go and look at my swords and pistols; nobody can tell what may happen."

When M. de Livry found himself alone with his wife, he no longer concealed his passion. "Now, madame," said he, in a ferocious manner, "it is time to give me the explanation I demanded of you."

"An explanation upon what subject?" stammered Pauline; still more surprised than frightened at language to which she was unaccustomed.

"Upon what subject?" replied the count, with irony. "You are quite right, for there are several; but I must hear all—the letter that was given to you yesterday evening, the visits you received this morning, and the letter you were writing when I came in: you see I know them all; do not attempt to deny it, madame, but excuse yourself, if you can."

Pauline looked steadily at her husband, and then replied gently: "I will deny nothing; to deny would be to lie: and I see you are well informed. You spy then after my actions, Ferdinand: you have no longer confidence in me."

"Ah!" replied Ferdinand, shaken by the coolness with which Pauline replied to him, "the time is ill chosen to reproach me; it is your justification that I expect, not mine. Excuse yourself for God's sake; for I love you so much I can believe you still. Do you acknowledge that Madame de Melcourt gave you a note yesterday evening from M. de Fontenay?"

"I acknowledge it."

"And that note asked an interview for this morning?"

"It is true."

"And M. de Fontenay came; and your meeting was interrupted by some circumstance of which I am ignorant; and you were writing to him what you had wished to say. Show me that letter, madame. Show it to me."

"I have not that letter—I feared you might ask me for it, and I tore it."

"You tore it!"

"Believe me, I did you good service in doing so."

"What was in the letter!"

"Nothing to blush for; but nothing you can know. I have no more to say."

"Very well, madame, M. de Fontenay will be less discreet than you;" and in speaking thus Ferdinand walked towards the door.

"Where are you going?" stammered Pauline tremblingly, and placing herself before him.

"I am going to ask this man at what period he knew you, and by what right he dares to write to you. I still respect you enough to believe that he did not see you yesterday for the first time."

"Ferdinand," cried the unhappy Pauline, catching her husband by the arm, if you have any love or pity for me you will not go to M. de Fontenay's house. Listen to me; I wish it. What! You took me when I was lower than I ever should have been, and raised me higher than I ever could have hoped;—you have given a name and station to my son;—you have elevated me in the eyes of the world, and in mine own;—and you can believe that I deceive you: if I were capable of it there are not words to express my infamy."

"That I should doubt you," replied Ferdinand, "the strongest evidence was necessary. Great as is my love, I am not blind. How can't I explain the note—the interview—the letter, when you cannot explain it yourself. I have no greater wish than to believe you innocent. Give me one proof, but one proof, if not for you at least for me."

"Alas!" replied Pauline, sorrowfully shaking her head, "I am obliged to be silent. My justification would be worse than my silence; but listen to me. Do you remember one day, when refusing your hand for the tenth time, I said to you: 'Ferdinand, I would be yours, if in the moment of our union we could forget the past—but I have the past, the terrible past, against me, which will follow us like a phantom to our graves—you will be jealous some day, and then the remembrance of my fault will raise suspicions, doubts, and ——. If you're suspicious, Ferdinand, I will never marry you;' and then you threw yourself at my feet; and do you remember what you said?"

"It appears you have forgotten it, Ferdinand: let me remind you of it. You said: 'Pauline, you are right, no man should promise more than he can perform; it is possible I may be jealous, but if ever I am unhappy enough to suspect—mad enough to believe you guilty—when appearances are against you, do not justify yourself, but hold out your hand to me and say—I swear before God I love you, and am innocent: then I will fall on my knees and ask pardon.' Ferdinand, it was on the faith of that promise I consented to become your wife. The moment I long feared and that you foresaw is now come: our love can never go through a severer trial. Ferdinand, here is my hand, and I swear to you that I love you and am innocent."

As she spoke thus, an air of nobleness and beauty almost angelic clothed her features, and her every word bore the impress of truth. Ferdinand, moved to tears, fell at her feet, crying—

"Pauline! my life! my love! can you forgive me?"

Madame de Livry held out her hand to him in token of forgiveness, which he took and covered with kisses, while she murmured humbly—

"His mercy be praised! I may yet be happy."

In her ecstasy as a wife, Pauline forgot she was a mother, and that the day, which already drew towards its close, could not end without her relinquishing to M. de Fontenay a blessing still dearer to a woman than honor itself.

CHAPTER VI.

The sun was setting in full glory and majesty behind the church of St. Sernin, in Toulouse, when a young woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and carefully veiled, entered the church, and almost immediately quitted it, traversed hastily but timidly, various streets, at last stopped before a handsome house, looked behind her once to assure herself she was unobserved, entered quickly the hotel, and asked, in a voice scarcely audible, for M. de Fontenay.

"M. de Fontenay is gone out," replied the porter.

"Out!" replied the unknown, who was obliged to lean against the wall to prevent herself falling.

"Yes, madame; but if you would wish to wait——"

"I will wait! oh yes, I will wait!"

A servant passing at this moment, the porter desired him to show the young lady to No. 4, the sitting-room of M. de Fontenay.

The unknown had waited more than half an hour before M. de Fontenay entered, when, giving utterance to a faint cry of joy, she rose from her seat. M. de Fontenay hastened to her, saying—

"Madame, may I know——"

But scarcely had he spoken when the veil was raised, and a voice, already well known to him, said—

"It is I, sir."

The voice, is it necessary to say, was that of Madame de Livry.

The old lover of Pauline remained opposite to her for some seconds in a kind of stupor.

"You here, madame!" stammered he. "You in my house, when I scarcely hoped for a letter!"

"I did not wish to write to you," interrupted Pauline with a re-assured manner; "what I have to say is too important. Can you insure our not being interrupted? You know to what I expose myself in thus coming to your house."

M. de Fontenay, or rather M. D'Herbanne, ran to the door and bolted it.

"And that door?" said Pauline, pointing to one opposite.

"Opens into a room also occupied by me."

"And that room has another?"

"One only into the garden, which has been fastened up."

"My God!" said Pauline, covering her face with her hands.

"Be calm, madame, you run no danger."

"You see, sir, how the step I have taken affects me; but it was necessary."

"I see in it a proof of confidence of which I am proud; but I repeat, a letter would have been sufficient."

"No, no; a letter might fall into the hands of a stranger, and then I was lost—that letter might make no impression upon you, whilst, in coming myself, I hope you will have pity on me. A letter, sir! I long thought of it, but I knew it was impossible; for in a letter I could not have told you all I have suffered; I could not have told you how your unexpected presence has thrown trouble into my home and despair into my heart."

"How, Madame! Does your husband then, know—!"

"Except your name, he knows all. He watches me—the servants have told him. I do not like to believe it, but still the note Madame de Melcourt gave me—your visit in his absence—nothing has escaped him; and it is a miracle how I could excuse myself in his eyes without telling him the truth."

D'Herbanne gazed for some minutes on her, who might be called his victim, with a feeling of compassion which surprised even himself.

"But sooner or later you must tell him."

"Never—never!" replied Pauline with violence; "and it is for that I have come here in secret like a guilty woman. I have deceived my mother-in-law, my servants—who believe me at this moment at church, and in prayer. Listen to me, sir."

"I listen, madame, and am ready to take any precautions you think necessary; but you must not forget that it is absolutely necessary that I depart to-morrow with my son."

Pauline cast upon him the supplicating look of a wretched mother; then, seeing he turned away his head, she said, in a broken voice—

"Oh! but you are cruel. You take advantage of my position. You know I cannot avow to my husband that you still exist, that I have seen you, without causing between you a frightful meeting. You know all that; and, instead of compassion for me——But perhaps you wish for this meeting."

"No, madame," answered D'Herbanne coldly; "I have not the least wish to be known to M. de Livry."

"Well, accept, then, my proposition; it is the only way to satisfy all parties."

"Explain yourself."

"You demand my son, to take him to your uncle?"

"Exactly so."

"Your uncle intends to educate him and make him his heir?"

"To educate him perhaps; but as to the inheritance, he has solemnly promised that."

"Well, sir, Bayonne is a short journey; go and tell your uncle my secret, and entreat him to come here. His name is not the same as yours. I will prepare M. de Livry to expect him as a relative of mine, who, on the condition of being allowed to own, will provide for our child."

Our child! It was the first time Madame de Livry called him so; and it showed how necessary she thought it to soften the man who remained opposite to her cold and inflexible as a judge.

"On this condition, and, above all, that your uncle should not say you are alive, I can—oh! it is dreadful to say it—I can part with my son. You cannot ask more if you have a remnant of humanity left."

"Your plan is impossible," replied D'Herbanne.

"Impossible!" repeated mechanically the unhappy mother. "Why impossible?"

"Because my uncle is dangerously ill, and could not come to Toulouse."

"Let him write, then," said Pauline, eagerly: "a letter will do—yes, a letter will be better; and M. de Livry himself will take his nephew to him. I promise you that, by all that is sacred."

"But in the meantime," replied the inexorable D'Herbanne, "my uncle might die, and then all would be lost."

"For you," replied Madame de Livry, bitterly.

"And for my son, also. I tell you, madame, there is but one thing to do—that is what I have already told you. You will find every thing here necessary to write with; two lines to the master of the school where you have placed my boy, in your writing, and I go, never to put foot again while I live in Toulouse. As to you, you can easily justify yourself in the eyes of the world, and also of your husband."

At this moment, some one knocked at the door. Pauline joined her hands, and murmured in a low voice—

"Do not open it—do not open it."

"Do not be alarmed," replied D'Herbanne; "it is somebody who has mistaken the room, for I do not expect any one."

Another knock.

"Who is there?" said D'Herbanne.

A voice replied from the outside—a voice that was felt at the bottom of Pauline's heart, said—

"The Count de Livry."

"My husband!" stammered Pauline, almost fainting. "He knows that I am here. Where can I fly to!—where hide myself! Oh! do not open, do not open, if you do not wish to see me die before your eyes."

"Hush! go in there," said de Herbanne, pointing to the other room; "all is not lost yet. Hide yourself—hide yourself," at the same time he pushed Pauline half-dead, into the room, and shut the door; and, with his habitual coolness, went to open the door for his rival, saying—"My dear sir, I am shocked at keeping you waiting; but I was so engaged in my preparations for my approaching departure. Pray, won't you sit down."

"Sir," replied Ferdinand, in a voice so calm as to surprise him, "I must beg you to excuse my coming at so late an hour, and particularly for insisting upon admission; and, to speak frankly, I hesitated for some time whether I should come or write; but I determined to come, as a letter might compromise you, instead of serving you. At all events, I owed you a visit. You were at my house this morning; nobody can be surprised at my being at yours this evening."

"Sir," murmured D'Herbanne, more and more perplexed to find out the meaning of this preamble."

"Sir, you come from Spain," said De Livry, abruptly.

"It is true."

"I do not ask for what reason you went to that unhappy country; but it is said it was in the Queen Regent's cause."

"I do not deny, all my sympathy is with the pretender, as he is called."

"It was from supposing as much that I came here to give you notice of something that may be of importance to you to know. I have just learned that a warrant has been issued to search this house, which is supposed to be the home of persons of the opinions you defend in Spain. Your coming here has increased that suspicion, and I fear you may have an unwelcome visitor here this evening."

"Good heavens!" cried D'Herbanne, "have you reason to believe it?"

"I have," replied Ferdinand, "good reason to believe it. I was not told it in secrecy, therefore I do not think it necessary to be silent, and I wish to let you know, in case you had any papers that might compromise you, to give you time to destroy them."

"I have nothing to fear, sir; but I am not the less obliged to you."

"I do not wish to know your secrets; I have only done what I am sure you would have done, were you in my place; and now, I wish you a good evening."

"Many, many thanks," said D'Herbanne, taking a light off the mantel-piece to conduct M. de Livry to the door—when they were stopped by a person who just entered, wrapped in a large cloak, though the evening was fine, and in August; bowing coolly to D'Herbanne, he turned toward M. de Livry.

"Faith, Ferdinand, I am glad to find you here. I suspect what brought you here; and you are the best witness to a conversation that I am about to have with this gentleman." At the same moment he drew from under his cloak two swords and a pistol-case, which he placed on a table.

"Choose, sir, said he, turning proudly to D'Herbanne.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded D'Herbanne.

"The meaning of it is," said the unfortunate lover of Madame Melcourt, "that you have acted towards me in the most unhandsome manner."

"How!—in what way?"

"You are well aware, sir, that I presented you to my cousin, having previously told you of my love for Madame de Melcourt, after which you dared to make use of me in your reconciliation with that coquette. You thought it amusing; I deem it dishonorable;—therefore, I demand satisfaction."

"If it be only that," replied D'Herbanne smiling, "I am ready to give you any satisfaction you wish for; but I think it right first to tell you that I have not the slightest claim on Madame de Melcourt."

"Oh, this is too much," cried Clodion violently. "You dare deny it, when I know she is here this moment."

"Here?" replied D'Herbanne, a little confused. "You are mad."

"Perhaps so; but I am not blind. A short time since I saw Madame de Melcourt go out of her own house, and enter Madame de Livry's, where she went out by the back gate of the garden, wrapped in a large shawl, and her face hid in a close bonnet and veil. She took the way to St. Sernine, where she remained but a moment, and then continued her way here, where she entered, not suspecting that I had followed her."

"'Tis true," thought M. de Livry; "he was a long time opening the door for me. Poor Clodion!"

"You see you are found out, sir," said Clodion passionately. Then turning to Ferdinand—"You see, my friend, that this affair renders it unnecessary to wait for any explanation. This gentleman leaves Toulouse to-night, and has not a moment to spare, as I am told; so I went to fetch these weapons at once, not to lose time. Choose, sir, the pistol or the sword. It is moonlight, and the garden will do equally well for one or the other."

D'Herbanne remained a moment irresolute, unwilling to fight, when there was really no reason for so doing; but, then, it was the only means of allowing Madame de Livry to escape, and though a generous action was unusual to him, he acceded; and said to Clodion—

"As you please, sir, I am ready. Let us go to the garden; M. de Livry will be witness for both. Only I repeat Madame de Melcourt is not here."

At this declaration, Clodion seized him violently by the arm, and pointing to a shawl that lay across a chair—

"M. de Fontenay," said he with triumph, "deny that proof if you can."

"That is the shawl the jilt wore when I followed her. I remember it well;" saying which, he took the shawl in his hands and crushed it passionately.

But another also had seen that shawl, and a cry of mingled rage and shame was scarcely stifled by him. He then stood before D'Herbanne pale, breathless, his lip trembling, but unable to articulate a word.

"Come, gentlemen," said D'Heranne, hurriedly opening the door, "I will show you the way."

"We will follow," said Clodion, taking the swords and pistols from the table, where he had placed them; but a powerful hand tore the instruments of death from his hand, and a feverish voice muttered in his ear—

"Clodion! Clodion! you forget it is my duty to take charge of the swords."

At this moment was heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs, the door opened, and a person entered the room, crying in a solemn manner—

"Gentlemen, I arrest you in the name of the king."

CHAPTER VII.

The person who entered the room thus inopportunely was no other than the commissaire de police, who had received an order to examine the apartments of M. D'Herbanne. It was, then, not without reason that Ferdinand had warned D'Herbanne, and, unfortunately, it was now more than ever incumbent on Ferdinand to assist him, as his own honor was implicated in his affairs.

M. de Livry was one of those men who can, for the surer attainment of an object, affect to have relinquished it, added to which, he was rich, and of a family of great influence; so taking the commissaire de police aside, he explained to him who he was, and told him he would be bail for M. D'Herbanne, and, to remove all responsibility from him, he was ready at once to go with him to a magistrate. To this proposal he could offer no refusal; so ordering his people to remain until his return, he went out with Ferdinand, to wait the result of the steps taken by him.

Clodion preferred remaining at the hotel, more than ever determined to see every thing with his own eyes; but, as that was impossible in the presence of him he supposed his rival, he placed himself at the bottom of the stairs, to make sure of confronting his deceiver on her way out. As soon as D'Herbanne found himself alone, he hastened to release Madame de Livry from her place of confinement.

Poor Pauline was pale and trembling, for she had not lost one word her husband had said, and, by his accent, suspected he knew all.

"Oh!" cried she, throwing herself on her knees to D'Herbanne, "will you promise me never, no matter what may occur, to fight with M. de Livry!"

He before whom, for the sake of her husband, she took such a posture, assisted her to rise, and replied coldly—

"You know, madame, I am not in the habit of refusing things of this kind."

"But in this case it would be horrible," replied Pauline in despair. "Remember that if you kill him you kill me also. But why do I speak of myself! You have a son who is dear to you; and if you were wounded yourself——. Oh! do not expose your life so foolishly. Take advantage of the night—profit by the warning M. de Livry gave you. You see the danger you run at Toulouse. Go—go at once, and I will forget all the wrong you have done me, and I will bless you as long as I live."

In speaking thus, Pauline had seized one of his hands, and wet it with her tears. There was in her attitude, her movement, the very sound of her voice, something so affecting that any one but D'Herbanne must have pitied her; but whether his false sense of honor spoke more forcibly than his heart, or whether he was occupied by thoughts of himself alone, he drew his hand from hers, and replied still more coldly than before—

"They will say I was afraid."

"Do not think so," said Pauline. "I will undeceive them—I will justify you to them; but go—go I implore you."

Poor Pauline saw but her husband's danger, and forgot her own. She forgot, in her disinterestedness and affection, that she alone, though innocent, was the only one who had cause to fear; she forgot that it was all-important that her husband should not find her in that house.

D'Herbanne, still impassive, contemplated her steadily for some seconds, and then said slowly—

"You wish it then? Well, I am rather inclined to go without waiting the return of your husband; but you know my decision—I will not go alone. I must have my son."

"Oh! my God! my God! but you are inexorable!" cried Pauline sobbing; and there was a fearful struggle between the mother's love, and the wife's. Which might eventually have conquered, it is impossible to say, for the door of the room opened suddenly, and Pauline gave a heart-rending cry on seeing her mother-in-law the Marquise de Livry, who now stood before them.

"Are you satisfied, sir," said she, turning to D'Herbanne, "I am ruined!"

"You are astonished to see me," said the Marquise, in a severe tone; "but I am no less so to find you here, madame; for though an anonymous letter stated such was the fact, it was necessary to see it with my own eyes to make it possible to believe it."

"An anonymous letter! Alas!—then I have enemies."

"On the contrary, it is a service has been rendered you. There, madame, see to which of your friends—perhaps I should say lovers—you are indebted on *this* occasion."

Pauline tremblingly threw her eyes over the note that the Marquise handed her, and recognised the writing of Madame de Melcourt. The note ran thus:—

"The Hotel de France is at this moment about to be visited by a search-warrant—Pauline is there. The Marquise de Livry is the only person who can save her, without M. de Livry being informed of it."

"Come," continued the Marquise, "come, madame, follow me. There ought to be—the hostess, who happily has received many favors from my family, tells me—a door which opens from that room to a back stairs, and of which she has given me the key. We will go out by that door, and in that way, my son shall not be dishonored in the eyes of the world."

"Unhappy being that I am," murmured Pauline, covering her face with her hands.

D'Herbanne at last thought it incumbent on him to speak.

"Madame," said he, "I can swear before you, to the conduct of your daughter-in-law."

"Sir," replied the Marquise, drily, "I had not the honor of addressing you;" then turning to Pauline, she said—"Go, madame, go; if you have any explanations to give, this is not the place to give them."

Pauline raised her head, dried her eyes, and this with a tone of desperate firmness said—

"Yes, madame; on the contrary it is here—it is in the presence of this man that I must justify myself. No matter how horrible be the truth, I prefer to tell it you, than allow you to think of me as you do. It weighs upon my heart—it oppresses me—it chokes me. I must tell it, or I die. No, madame, I am no more capable of deceiving you then of deceiving your son."

"What did you say?" replied the Marquise, sneeringly.

"I say," persisted Pauline, "that this man holds in his hands my honor, which is that of Ferdinand—and the life of Ferdinand, which is mine; and that it is to save both one and the other, that I have come here."

"What are you doing?" interrupted D'Herbanne impatiently.

"Let me speak, sir," said Pauline, in an imperative manner. "It is too late now, and it was you who wished it—everybody must know it. Perhaps, madame, you can remember when I told you my history, that I was confused, abashed—that I could not go on. Then Ferdinand came to my relief; but to deceive you, he told you about an old friend of my father's—the Duchess of L——. It was not with her I went to England: it was with that man."

Here the old lady could scarcely suppress her indignation, and Pauline, pale and trembling, ceased for a moment, but soon continued—

"By what means I was ruined would be too long to tell you. Young, ignorant of the world, with no other riches than an education far above my station; and, worse than all, sold by her who should have protected me. I did not awake until after my fall, when it was too late; and, heaven knows, I would not have survived my shame, but for the little being that was dependant upon me. When your son met me at the Duchess of L——'s, I had been separated two years from that man: I preferred labor and misery to the shame of living with him. For his misfortune—for mine—how much for mine!—your son loved me. More indulgent to me than I was to myself, he insisted on it, that I had atoned for my fault by my remorse and tears; and he told me that repentance like mine was sufficient to prove me virtuous. I know I should have fled from him to save him from himself." But what could I do!—I loved him. I know that in accepting his name, that I committed a still greater fault than my first; but I would have been more than women to resist such love as his. Now, madame, I have told you all; perhaps my confession will prove to you that I am not unworthy your esteem. Your son is dearer to me than all the world. You cannot suppose that I could forget my love to him, which also is now my only virtue. I have told you all my faults—you will not accuse me of a crime."

This recital had made a visible impression on the Marquise; but there was one point on which she was not satisfied; and she could not avoid saying—

"But after having been so long a time without seeing this gentleman, what motive could be sufficiently strong to bring you here?"

"Alas, madame, he came to demand my son—the child M. de Livry had named his, and you were about to call yours. You can conceive all the consequences of such a step. What would the world say? What would Ferdinand think?—Ferdinand, who should learn at the same time, that I had seen him whom he believed dead—him whom he detests for the past, and who now threatens him for the present, and for the future. It was to ask mercy of that man I came here, and—— I have not obtained it."

"Does she speak the truth, sir?" said the Marquise to D'Herbanne.

"Madame de Livry should have added that it is my uncle who demands my son, and not I," replied D'Herbanne, quietly.

"And if you do not obtain him?"

"Then, madame, I shall be forced to use my rights."

"Your rights! pray what are they? that you abandoned him for five years."

"My rights, madame, are in a correspondence which I have complete in my hands—letters written by your daughter-in-law, signed by her hand; if they force me to bring the matter into court, it will be easy for me to prove that the mother of my son, now Comtesse de Livry, is no other than Pauline Butler."

"Pauline Butler!" cried the Marquise, passionately, laying her hand on her daughter-in-law's arm; "What! and you are Pauline Butler!"

The young women bowed tremblingly before her.

"Yes, madame," said she, dark-red from shame; "yes, I am that unhappy creature. Yes, it is true; rather than bring disgrace upon the humble but honest name of my father, I assumed a foreign name. I would not, even in my guilt, be supposed a French woman."

"But," said the Marquise, "if you be Pauline Butler, his name must also be a false one. He is D'Herbanne!"

Pauline bent her head in assent.

"D'Herbanne!" cried the Marquise; "the justice of heaven itself has brought him hither. Lift up your head, madame; this man has dared to make terms with us—it is for me to dictate to him."

A smile of mockery curled D'Herbanne's lip, and was his only answer.

"Oh, sir," said the Marquise, dropping her voice into a tone of clear distinctness, "mistake me not; not in *my* name do I make this threat, but in that of your victim—Madame de Lostange, at this moment in Toulouse on her way to Bayonne, to acquaint your uncle with a certain transaction you are well informed on. You threaten us with exposure in open court—we accept the challenge. If you have in your possession my daughter-in-law's letters, M. de Lostange has others of yours; and let me add, that there are such things as men call speculations on the "Bourse"—which the judges of the land may designate by another title—which I will not utter. I see you understand me: follow me, sir. It should not be before my daughter-in-law this interview should take place, and you shall learn what I require of you."

At the same moment she seized D'Herbanne's arm, and hurried him into the adjoining room before he, pale and horror-struck, could utter a word in reply.

Scarcely had they gone, when Pauline fell upon her knees, and, burying her head between her hands, poured forth her prayer of thankfulness. She remained thus for some time, when on lifting her eyes, they fell upon the figure of Ferdinand de Livry, who pale and with haggard look, gazed on her in silence.

"Ferdinand," cried she, in a voice full of agony.

M. de Livry threw on her one look of withering contempt, and then, in an accent of the deepest bitterness, said—"What! you here—you in this man's room! If you had not uttered my name, I would not have believed my eyes. It is but a few hours since that with that very voice you swore to me that you loved me, and that you were innocent. How you must have laughed at my credulity."

"Ferdinand," replied she, sadly, "I am not at liberty to speak, nor are you in a condition to hear me. Your passion will make you say that which you will repent all your life, and which I never can forget. Give me your arm—let us leave this."

"No, madame," replied De Livry, with a roar of passion, "you shall stay. Ah! your lover, perhaps, is listening to us—be it so: before I tell him he is a coward, I rejoice that he knows what I think of you."

"Enough, enough," stammered Pauline; "do not say more."

"Ah! it is for his life you fear."

"Alas! I came hither to protect yours. Ask no more, but lead me home. I appeal to your mother if she believes me guilty."

"You hope then, thus to give your lover time to escape?"

"Sir!"

"When did you know this man—before or since our marriage? Answer me this question."

"Oh!" cried Pauline, in a voice of agony, "have mercy on me."

"Yet what matters it," continued De Livry, with passion; "in either case you have deceived me. I might have expected it; and this is the worthy recompense of every sacrifice I have made for you, beginning with my honor. When I married you, I forgot all. I do not complain. I have but what I desire. But you—you, madame, I now repeat your own words: 'There is no name for your infamy.'"

At this moment the endurance with which she so long bore up against the unjust reproaches of her husband at once gave way, her tearful eyes became suddenly dry, her trembling lips grew steady, and in a tone of firmness she said—"This is too much. I care not what may be the consequences; I must now justify myself. Stay, sir, stay; is is your turn to listen to me. Ferdinand," added she, drawing nearer to him, "to prove my innocence, I need but speak one word—but I warn you, it is a dreadful word, which once spoken will render all happiness impossible—a man's life hangs on it. Do you still demand it!"

"I do," said De Livry, with a hollow voice.

"Be it so. The report which announced D'Herbanne's death was untrue. He is alive. He is in the house we now are. I came hither to implore him to leave me my child."

"What! D'Herbanne!" cried Ferdinand; "that man—he still lives! and you, Pauline, you are not deceiving me: you could not do so. What have I said!—what have I done! Can you forgive me?"

"Yes, Ferdinand, I forgive you, and I love you, and I forgive all that is past!" and as she spoke she fell into his arms.

"And now," said Ferdinand, endeavoring to tear himself from her embrace, "my part begins."

As he spoke, the Marquise entered the room.

"I said," cried Pauline, "your mother should be my judge."

"Ferdinand," said the Marquise, as she kissed her on the forehead, "this is still my daughter."

"And you still my own dear mother," said M. de Livry; "be kind to and comfort each other. Farewell."

Pauline bowed her head.

"My son," replied the Marquise, "we are saved! There are all your wife's letters—and as to M. de—— Fontenay, I can rely on his silence."

"What signifies his silence to me?" cried Ferdinand passionately; "what care I for these letters? It is his life I want. Where is he?"

"Gone," said the Marquise.

"Gone?"

"For ever. He is never to return to Toulouse—never to enter France."

"And you suppose that I could not follow him? So long as that man lives I cannot taste of happiness; nor is Pauline avenged. Hold me not!"

As he spoke, a servant of the hotel entered the room—his face pale and haggard.

"M. de Fontenay!" cried he—"where is M. de Fontenay? The horses are ready, and he can't be found anywhere. At the very instant of his departure a gentleman came for him, and since that, he is nowhere to be found."

"Oh," said Ferdinand, "let me try if I can't find him."

As he spoke, the double crash of fire-arms was heard from the garden behind the hotel. A cry burst forth from Pauline and her mother-in-law.

"He has killed himself!" cried she.

"No. There were two shots," said Ferdinand: "it was a duel. Who has dared to take my place?"

He tore open the shutter, and by the clear moonlight, which rendered every object palpable as the sun at noon-day, M. de Livry saw beneath him in the garden the figure of Clodion, standing pistol in hand, above the body of a man, who lay stretched upon the ground, his face turned upwards towards the blue sky.

"What! it is you, Clodion?" cried de Livry. "Fool! what have you done?"

"A piece of awkwardness," said he coolly. "I have forced this M. de Fontenay into a duel, and, without intending it, have contrived to hit him."

"Is he wounded?" cried Ferdinand hastily.

"Dead," said the other.

"Dead!" repeated the three, in accents of horror, and a silence sad and awful followed the words. At last Ferdinand drew near to his wife and said—

"Your son is mine—he shall never leave us."

"What!" cried Clodion, entering abruptly—"What! then it was not Madame de Melcourt, after all?"

"Hush, nephew!" said the Marquise—"we have been all mistaken."

* * * * *

In about two months later, M. M. Clodion Dufour led a blushing bride to the altar of St. Sernin—no other than the handsome widow, Madame de Melcourt.

The unimpeachable accuracy of his wedding costume was the admiration of all Toulouse. The report even goes, that he was the first person who wore his hair "en Titus," probably in compliment to the good emperor, because, like him, "he had much to forgive."

SATURDAY POST.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers will agree with us that we are not in the habit of *dunning* them often, through the columns of our paper, but in these awfully hard times we must insist on a *little* more funds from *all*. Will each one take this matter to himself and send two dollars? This, though a small matter to each, would be greatly serviceable to us. The cash expenses of this establishment are enormous, and it is only by a rigid adherence to the cash system that we are enabled to publish a sheet of the size and *worth* of the Saturday Evening Post. We expect to find our receipts increase much in the next two weeks.

TREATY WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

It is with no small gratification we announce to our readers that the treaty between this country and Great Britain, negotiated at Washington by Secretary Webster on the one part, and Lord Ashburton on the other, has been ratified by the Senate, only nine Senators, it is currently said, voting in the negative. As the debate on the treaty was held with closed doors, little is known positively of the sentiments advanced. It is said, however that Mr. Calhoun advocated the treaty with great ability. The treaty will not be published officially until it has been ratified by the Queen of England; and Mr. Derrick of the Diplomatic Bureau has already been despatched to London to obtain the ratification.

This desirable end will be a source of gratification to every patriotic citizen. For years past the peace of the country has been periodically endangered by disputes concerning the North Eastern Boundary; and on more than one occasion war with Great Britain has seemed almost incredible. The whole nation will now "breathe freer and deeper," as Mr. Webster says; and the intercourse between the inhabitants on both sides of the St. Lawrence will doubtless hereafter assume a more peaceable character. The only thing in the Treaty we have to regret is the omission to negotiate concerning Oregon Territory.

The letter writers at Washington have obtained a copy of the Treaty which we lay before our readers as the most interesting item of the week.

A Treaty to settle and define the Boundaries between the Territories of the United States and the possessions of Her Britannic Majesty in North America, for the final suppression of the African Slave Trade, and for the giving up of Criminals, fugitives from justice in certain cases.

Whereas, certain portions of the line of boundary between the United States of America and the British dominions in North America, described in the Second Article of the Treaty of Peace of 1783, have not yet been ascertained and determined, notwithstanding the repeated attempts which have been heretofore made for that purpose: and whereas, it is now thought to be for the interest of both parties, that avoiding further discussion of their respective rights, arising in this respect under the said Treaty, they should agree on a conventional line in said portions of the said boundary, such as may be convenient to both parties, with such equivalents and compensations, as are deemed just and reasonable: And whereas, by the Treaty concluded at Ghent, on the 24th day of December, 1814, between the United States and His Britannic Majesty, an article was agreed to and inserted of the following tenor, viz: "Art. 10. Whereas, the traffic in Slaves is irreconcileable with the principles of humanity and justice: And whereas, both His Majesty and the United States, are desirous of continuing their efforts to promote its entire abolition, it is hereby agreed that both the contracting parties shall use their best endeavors to accomplish so desirable an object." And whereas, notwithstanding the laws which have at various times been passed by the two Governments, and the efforts made to suppress it, that criminal traffic is still prosecuted and carried on: And whereas, the United States of America and Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, are determined that, so far as may be in their power, it shall be effectually abolished: And whereas, it is found expedient for the better administration of justice and the prevention of crime within the territories and jurisdiction of the two parties respectively, that persons committing the crimes hereinafter enumerated, and being fugitives from justice, should, under certain circumstances, be reciprocally delivered up: The United States of America and Her Britannic Majesty, having resolved to treat on these several subjects, have for that purpose appointed their respective Plenipotentiaries to negotiate and conclude a Treaty, that is to say, the President of the United States has, on his part, furnished with full powers, Daniel Webster, Secretary of State of the United States, and Her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, has on her part appointed the Right Honorable Alexander Lord Ashburton, a Peer of the said United Kingdom, a member of Her Majesty's most honorable Privy Council, and Her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary on a Special Mission to the United States; who, after a reciprocal communication of their respective full powers, have agreed to and signed the following Articles:

Article I.—It is hereby agreed and declared that the line of boundary shall be as follows:—Beginning at the Monument at the source of the river St. Croix, as designated and agreed to by the Commissioners under the 5th Article in the Treaty of 1794, between the Governments of the United States and Great Britain; thence, North, following the exploring line run and marked by the Surveyors of the two Governments in the years 1817 and 1818, under the fifth article of the treaty of Ghent, to its intersection with the river St. John and to the middle of the channel thereof; thence, up the middle of the main channel of said river St. John, to the mouth of the river St. Francis; thence, up the middle of the channel of the said river St. Francis, and of the Lakes through which it flows, to the outlet of the Lake Pohenagamook; thence, Southwesterly, in a straight line to a point on the North West Branch of the river St. John, which point shall be ten miles distant from the main branch of the St. John, in a straight line, and in the nearest direction; but if the said point shall be found to be less than seven miles from the nearest point or summit or crest of the highlands that divide those rivers which empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the river St. John, to a point seven miles in a straight line from the said summit or crest; thence, in a straight line in a course about south, eight degrees west to the point where the parallel of latitude of 46 deg. 25 min. north intersects the South West branch of the St. John; thence, Southerly by the said branch, to the source thereof in the highlands at the Metjarmette portage; thence, down along the said highlands which divide the waters which empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the head of Hall's stream; thence, down the middle of said stream till the line thus run intersects the old line of boundary surveyed and marked by Valentine and Collins previously to the year 1774, as the 45th degree of north latitude, and which has been known and understood to be the line of actual division between the States of New York and Vermont on one side, and the British Province of Canada on the other; and from said point of intersection, west along the said dividing line as heretofore known and understood, to the Iroquois or St. Lawrence river.

Article II.—It is moreover agreed, that, from the place where the joint commissioners terminated their labors under the sixth article of the Treaty of Ghent, to wit: At a point in the Neebish channel, near Muddy lake, the line shall run into and along the ship channel, between St. Joseph and St. Tammany Islands, to the division of the channel at or near the head of St. Joseph's Islands; thence, turning eastwardly and northwardly, around the lower end of St. George's or Sugar Island, and following the middle of the channel which divides St. George's from St. Joseph's Island; thence, up the east Neebish channel, nearest to St. George's Island, through the middle of Lake George; thence west of Jona's Island, into St. Mary's River, to a point in the middle of that river, about one mile above St. George's or Sugar Island, so as to appropriate and assign the said Island to the United States; thence adopting the line traced on the maps by commissioners, through the river St. Mary and lake Superior, to a point north of Ile Royal in said lake, one hundred yards to the north and east of Ile Chapeau, which last mentioned island lies near the northeastern point of Ile Royal, where the line marked by the commissioners terminates; and from the last mentioned point, southwesterly, through the middle of the sound between Ile Royal and the northwestern main-land, to the mouth of Pigeon river, and at the said river to, and through, the north and south Fowl Lakes, to the Lakes of the height of land, between Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods; thence along the water communication to Lake Saisaquinaga, and through that Lake; thence, to and through Cypress Lake, Lac du Bois Blanc, Lac la Croix, Little Vermillion Lake, and Lake Namecan, and through the several smaller lakes, straits, or streams, connecting the lakes here mentioned, to that point in Lac la Pluie or Rainy Lake, at the Chaudiere Falls, from which the commissioners traced the line to the most northwestern point of the Lake of the Woods,—thence along the said line to the said most northwestern point, being in latitude 49° 23' 55" north, and in longitude 95° 14' 38" west from the Observatory at Greenwich; thence, according to the existing treaties, due south to its intersection with the 49th parallel of north latitude, and along that parallel to the Rocky Mountains. It being understood that all the water communications, and all the usual portages along the line from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods; and also Grand Portage, from the shore of Lake Superior to the Pigeon River, as now actually used shall be free and open to the use of the citizens and subjects of both countries.

Article III.—In order to promote the interests and encourage the industry of all the inhabitants of the Countries watered by the River St. John and its tributaries, whether living within the State of Maine or the Province of New Brunswick, it is agreed that, where, by the provisions of the present treaty, the River St. John is declared to be the line of boundary, the navigation of said River shall be free and open to both parties, and shall in no way be obstructed by either: that all the produce of the forest, in logs, lumber, timber, boards, staves, or shingles, or of agricultural not being manufactured, grown on any of those parts of the State of Maine watered by the River St. John, or by its tributaries, of which fact reasonable evidence shall, if required, be produced, shall have free access into and through the said river and its said tributaries, having their source within the State of Maine, to and from the sea-port at the mouth of the said River St. John, and to and round the Falls of said River, either by boats, rafts, or other conveyance: that when within the Province of New Brunswick, the said produce shall be dealt with as if it were the produce of said Province: that, in like manner, the inhabitants of the Territory of the Upper St. John determined by this treaty to belong to her Britannic Majesty, shall have free access to and through the river for their produce, in those parts where the said river runs wholly through the State of Maine, &c.

Article IV.—All grants of land heretofore made by either party, within the limits of the territory which by this treaty falls within the dominions of the other party, shall be held valid, ratified, and confirmed to the persons in possession under such grants, to the same extent as if such territory had by this treaty fallen within the dominions of the party by whom such grants were made, and all equitable possessory claims arising from a possession and improvement of any lot or parcel of land by the person actually in possession, or by those under whom such person claims, for more than six years before the date of such treaty, shall, in like manner, be deemed valid, and be confirmed and quieted by a release to the person entitled thereto, of the title to such lot or parcel of land as described as best to include the improvements made thereon; and in all other respects the two contracting parties agree to deal upon the most liberal principles of equity with the settlers actually dwelling on the territory falling to them, respectively, which has heretofore been in dispute between them.

Article V.—Whereas, in the course of the controversy respecting the disputed territory on the North Eastern Boundary, some moneys have been received by the authorities of Her Britannic Majesty's Province of New Brunswick, with the intention of preventing depredations on the forests of the said territory, which moneys were carried to the fund called the "Disputed Territory Fund," the proceeds whereof it was agreed should be hereafter paid over to the parties interested, in the proportions to be determined by a final settlement of boundaries: It is hereby agreed, that a correct account of all receipts and payments on the said fund, shall be delivered to the Government of the United States, within six months after the ratification of this treaty; and the proportions of the amount due thereon to the States of Maine and Massachusetts, and any bonds and securities appertaining thereto, shall be paid and delivered over to the Government of the United States; and the Government of the United States agree to receive for the use of, and pay over to the States of Maine and Massachusetts their respective portions of said fund; and further to pay and satisfy said States, respectively, for all claims for expenses incurred by them in protecting the said heretofore disputed territory, and making a survey thereof in 1838; the Government of the United States agreeing with the States of Maine and Massachusetts to pay them the further sum of three hundred thousand dollars, in equal moieties, on account of their assent to the line of boundary described in this treaty, and in consideration of the equivalent received therefor, from the Government of Her Britannic Majesty.

Article VI.—It is furthermore understood and agreed, that for the purpose of running and tracing those parts of the line between the source of the St. Croix and the St. Lawrence River, which will require to be run and ascertained, and for making the residue of said line by proper monuments on the land, two Commissioners shall be appointed, one by the President of the United States by and with the advice and consent of the Senate thereof, and one by her Britannic Majesty; and the said Commissioners shall meet at Bangor, in the State of Maine, on the first day of May next or as soon thereafter as may be, and shall proceed to mark the line above described; from the source of the St. Croix to the River St. John; and shall trace on proper marks the dividing line along said River, along the River St. Francis, to the outlet of the Lake Pohenagamook; and from the outlet of said Lake, they shall ascertain, fix, and mark by durable monuments upon the land, the line described in the first article of this treaty; and the said Commissioners shall make to each of their respective Governments a joint report or declaration, under their hands and seals, designating such a line of boundary, and shall accompany said report or declaration with maps certified by them to be true maps of the new boundary.

Article VII.—It is further agreed that the channels in the river St. Lawrence on both sides the Long Sault Islands, and of Barnhart Island, the channels in the river detroit on both sides of the island of Bois Blanc, and between that island and both the American and Canadian shores; and all the several channels and passages between the various islands lying near the junction of the river St. Croix, with the lake of that name, shall be equally free and open to ships, vessels and boats of both parties.

Article VIII.—The parties mutually stipulate that each shall prepare, equip and maintain in service, on the coast of Africa, a sufficient and adequate squadron or naval force of vessels, of suitable numbers and description, to carry in all not less than eighty guns, to enforce separately and respectively the laws, rights and obligations of each of the two countries, for the suppression of the Slave trade; the said squadrons to be independent of each other, but the two Governments stipulating, nevertheless, to give such orders to the officers commanding their respective forces as shall enable them most effectually to act in concert and co-operation, upon mutual consultation, as exigencies may arise, for the attainment of the true object of this article; copies of all such orders to be communicated by each Government to the other respectively.

Article IX.—Whereas, notwithstanding, all efforts which may be made on the coast of Africa for suppressing the Slave Trade, the facilities for carrying on that traffic and avoid the vigilance of cruisers by the fraudulent use of flags, and other means are so great, and the temptations for pursuing it, while a market can be found for slaves, so strong, as that the desired result may be long delayed, unless all markets be shut against the purchase of African negroes; the parties to this Treaty agree that they will unite in all becoming representations and remonstrances, with any and all Powers within whose dominions such markets are allowed to exist; and that they will urge upon all such Powers the propriety and duty of closing such markets at once and forever.

Article X.—It is agreed that the United States and Her British Majesty shall, upon mutual requisitions by them, or their Ministers, Officers or Authorities, respectively made, deliver up to justice, all persons who, being charged with the crime of murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or the utterance of forged papers committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum, or shall be found, within the territories of the other; provided, that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged, shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the crime or offence had there been committed; and the respective judges and other magistrates of the two Governments shall have power, jurisdiction, and authority, upon complaint made under oath, to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive or person so charged, that he may be brought before such judges or other magistrates, respectively, to the end that the evidence of criminality may be heard and considered; and if on such hearing, the evidence shall be deemed sufficient to sustain the charge, it shall be the duty of the examining judge or magistrate, to certify the same to the proper executive authority, that a warrant may issue for the surrender of such fugitive. The expense of such apprehension and delivery shall be borne and defrayed by the party who makes the requisition and receive the fugitive.

Article XI.—The eighth article of this treaty shall be in force for five years from the date of the ratification, and afterwards until one or the other party shall signify a wish to terminate it. The tenth article shall continue in force until one or the other party shall signify its wish to terminate it, and no longer.

Article XII.—The present treaty shall be duly ratified, and the mutual exchange of ratification shall take place in London, within six months from the date hereof, or earlier if possible.

In faith whereof, we, the respective Plenipotentiaries, have signed this treaty, and have hereunto affixed our seals.

Done in duplicate, at Washington, the ninth day of August, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and forty-two.
ASHBURTON, [Seal.]
DANIEL WEBSTER, [Seal.]

The correspondence is upon the subjects—

1st. Of the interference of the Colonial authorities of the British West India Islands with American merchant vessels driven by stress of weather, or carried by violence, into the ports of the colonies.

2d. On the subject of the Caroline—and

3d. On the subject of imprisonment—but except that a sort of apology, and plea of necessity, is made for the burning of the Caroline, with an expression of regard for the sacredness of our neutral rights is made—nothing is settled upon these points; and the President is understood to declare in his message accompanying the Treaty, that he does not deem it necessary to urge the consideration of these matters further.

A TARIFF PASSED.

Congress has passed a Revenue Bill, as will be seen by referring to the news from Washington. The editor of the National Intelligencer says that, in the course of thirty-five years spent at the seat of Government, he never saw so exciting a session as that on Monday, when the bill was passed. The final vote was 105 to 102. The new Revenue Bill differs in no respect from the one just vetoed by the President, except in the striking out the Distribution clause, and the abrogation of the duty on tea and coffee. It is generally believed that the bill will pass the Senate, and receive the signature of the President.

The provisions of the bill are not as wise as they might have been, but they were the best that could be obtained. A dozen honest and patriotic merchants and manufacturers could draw up, in less than a week, a far better tariff than the usual lawyer-like legislators in Congress can embody in a year. Some of the articles in the present bill are taxed too high and others too low; and there is not sufficient discrimination in the various articles. However, experience will correct the crudities of the bill. Meanwhile we congratulate the country on the prospect of a revenue.

The removal of the duty on tea and coffee we cannot sufficiently commend. In regulating a tariff, the first rule should be to tax luxuries only, or never to descend to necessaries until luxuries are exhausted. Twenty years ago tea and coffee were, in a manner, luxuries, and it was allowable to tax these articles; but now they have become necessaries, even to the poorest of our inhabitants. To lay a duty on these articles would now be exceedingly onerous, and we rejoice that Congress has seen this matter in its true light.

THE COMING WINTER.

We look to the approach of the coming winter with gloomy forebodings. So difficult has it been for laborers to obtain work during the summer, that few of them have been able to provide for the future, and many of them have had almost to beg for a present livelihood. What will become of such persons and their families during the inclement winter months? This is a question which all of us should address to ourselves, as we sit at our comfortable meals, or lie down at night in sheltered beds. The statistics of the Health Office in this city show that from five to eight persons have died here annually for many years, from *starvation or cold* and if such has been the experience of more favorable times, God only knows what the coming winter will disclose! We should awake early to our duty in this matter. The Union Benevolent Association ought to make an exposition of the prevailing distress, and adopt, at once, vigorous measures to provide means for its operations this winter. The necessities of the year will require thrice the amount usually expended by this Institution. Nor would it be beneath the City Councils to extend aid to the necessitous poor, by providing *depots* for fuel, soup-houses, &c., &c. This is no common time, and no common exertions should be made by public, as well as private benevolence. And especially should the rich now remember that, as they have peculiar blessings, so ought their charity to be peculiarly manifest. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

APPALLING MURDER.

A most atrocious murder was lately committed in Cabarrus county, Carolina, on Friday, the 5th instant, on the body of Mr. James Russell, of Mecklenburg, by one Mark Kisor, of the former county. The crime took place at the house of Mr. Allen Boots. It appears that Kisor had an old grudge against Russell, but of which Russell was entirely ignorant. In the forenoon of Friday, Kisor was talking to some workmen at Boots' about having coffins made, and his whole conduct indicated that he was bent on doing some mischief. In the afternoon, Russell came to Boots', when he and Kisor got into a dispute. Kisor drew a knife, and Russell raised his stick, but by the interference of friends, no actual assault was then made. A short time after, however, when neither Russell nor any of the company were suspecting any mischief, Kisor fell upon Russell with his knife, and inflicted upon him several mortal wounds, principally in the abdomen, and several others more slight, on his legs and arms. Russell lived but a few minutes after his friends reached him. All present were so much astonished at the deed, and concerned for Russell, that Kisor was permitted to escape. It is understood since, that Kisor had threatened the lives of several other persons. A reward of $250 is offered for his apprehension.

COLT'S SUB-MARINE EXPERIMENT.

Another experiment, testing the power of Colt's Sub-Marine Apparatus, has taken place in the Potomac; the President of the United States, the Heads of Department, and other distinguished individuals witnessing the display. The powerful apparatus of Mr. Colt was placed five miles distant, near Alexandria. In about twenty seconds after the signal gun was fired, the apparatus was applied, and the vessel, a large one, purchased in New York, in a twinkling entirely disappeared. The trial was completely successful. An immense body of water with bricks and fragments of the vessel, rose perpendicularly to a great height, and then descended into the water, at a short distance from where the vessel was stationed; but the vessel had suddenly disappeared, leaving no trace behind! The space occupied by the flying atoms, probably two hundred feet in the air, did not seem to be much greater than that filled by the vessel. The agitation of the water was similar to that when a steamboat has passed. To what extent will not human genius carry the capability of destroying life!

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICALS.

Bennett's Herald, in puffing some new magazine which is to be started soon, and printed at that office, undertakes to give the circulation of three or four magazines, and rates them at "about 50,000." In the estimate he *includes* Graham's and Godey's. Why the circulation of these two alone is between 75 and 80,000, and the circulation of *the following six* Philadelphia periodicals, viz:

Graham's Magazine,
Godey's Lady's Book,
Saturday Evening Post,
Saturday Courier,
Lady's World of Fashion, and
Young People's Book

is over 140,000 copies, equal to the combined circulation of all the periodicals in all the other cities of the Union. It is in vain for the New Yorkers to boast—Philadelphia *always has been, and* always will be, THE GREAT MART FOR PERIODICALS.

THE ALLEGHANIES.

We notice in a late number of the Baltimore Patriot, that one of its correspondents has furnished the accurate heights of the chief Alleghany elevations. Their publication will probably interest the public. The standard is of course above the level of the sea.

	Feet.		Feet.
Cumberland is	537	Woodcock Hill	2500
Wills' Mountain	1063	Laurel Hill	2417
Frostburg	1792	Monroe Village	1065
G. Savage Mountain	2580	Uniontown	952
L. Savage Mountain	2480	Conly Hill	1214
Coranby Hill	2437	Brownsville	833
Red Hill	2427	Krebb's Hill	1040
Meadow Mountain	2550	Belleville	1010
Little Crossings	1999	Hillsboro'	1776
Negro Mountain	2825	Egnar's Hill	1532
Keyser's Ridge	2843	Washington, Pa.	1406
Winding Ridge	2534	Alexandria	1792
Smithfield	1405	Wheeling Hill	837
Barren Hill	2450	Wheeling Town	718

ENGLISH EXQUISITES.

A couple of aristocratic blades from England, one a son of the Earl of Liverpool, the other a companion of his of the same kidney, now at Saratoga, showed their ill-breeding the other day, by seating themselves on the elegant marble centre table in the drawing room of the United States Hotel, in the midst of the collected ladies and gentlemen there putting up! There was not a man present to kick them off.

SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some time has elapsed since we opened our budget, for the warm weather exercises a wonderfully mollifying influence on one; but the longer the score the more it takes to pay off, so, with a right good will we begin.

"Menseris" is accepted, and shall shortly appear.

The stanzas promised to our young friend this week, are postponed until our next paper, in consequence of the press of original matter and selections from the late English Magazines.

"Cramboo," who does "so wish to see himself in print" shall be gratified. We call the attention of the curious to his production. If it don't bring tears into our readers' eyes it will be strange, passing strange. Hear it.

"There was a maiden all forlorn,
A mourning for her lover gone—
At early dawn, she rose to go
And seek her lover in the snow,
She had no cloak to keep her warm,
And shield her from the coming storm—
So off she went in a thin gown—
And hunted him all over town."

And so forth to the end of the chapter. It reminds us of the old rhyme,

"Jiggery, jiggery, jiggamaree,
The lion has come unto Philadelphy."

We like "A Plowboy,"—there is a freshness about his verses that charms us. They are, however, too disdainful of the fetters of rhyme to look well in print. But the spirit is in him: he has only to cultivate art and he will succeed.

The piece entitled "Acrostical" has meritorious lines, but as a whole would scarcely win added smiles from the writer's lady-love. We give the best stanza.

"Ah! I will sigh to those sweet smiles
Light'ning 'neath thy soul lit eye,
Like summer flash on pearly isles,
Emblazon'd on a twilight sky."

The fine story "Adrian Doria," which has been waiting the conclusion of "The Old Loyalist," will shortly appear.

From a poem entitled "Thoughts on the Past, Present, and Future," we have derived much amusement. The author graphically describes his school-boy days. Thus:

"I remember well one game
It was Shinn'd by name
When they put down the ball
Then with a very loud call
At it each one struck, and ran
There, one James Stevenson
He did let his club fly
And hit my brother's eye
Which caused him so much pain
He never play'd again
Thus, in play, we, may see
Youth's not from danger free."

The last two lines of moral reflections are particularly rich. Here is a bit of philosophy:

"Minds of youths various
As the form of the face
That proves the doctrine true
All have their work to do."

The author asks us to punctuate for him, as he is not quite an adept yet! We think we have given sufficient point to his rhymes; at any rate, we have put a stop to them.

The Nut Cracker.

The Boston Transcript has now and then a good thing in it. It lately gave directions for writing poetry to sweethearts. The manner was this. "To begin, then, take from old newspapers old poetry, original and selected, and you will then be in possession of a good stock of words, additions to which may be obtained from Walker's abridgment. Should you find any two words sound tolerably near alike each other, place one under the other, on the right hand of the paper, thus:

poke,
smoke.

You will find but little difficulty in filling up the lines with the usual sentimental phrase.

Dear girl, in your eye my finger I—spoke (smoke
To show by the spark (or smart) that my flame's not all

Should the lines limp a little by one having a shorter leg than its neighbor, you may dock it by abbreviation, or elongate it by interjection or repetition, thus:

Oh! Sophia, Sophia, Sophia, O!
A pain I've got in my big toe!
O, thunder—O, lightning—ah! O!

Poetry is measured by the foot, as calico is by the yard. Two syllables make a foot of poetry, and three feet make a yard of calico. In writing very long lines, care must be observed to count the syllables of each line on the fingers, so that in reading, it may come "trippingly off," like the revolution of a grindstone, or the sound produced by a steam sawmill, thus:

Dear maid (I've long) courted (you be) side of (the brook,)
And (am) deter (mined on) having (you by) hook or (by crook.)

This is decidedly rich, and we commend it to all love-stricken swains.

Maffit, who, with much bombast, is often really eloquent, is the author of the following passage. Would that he always wrote thus: "Intellect is an enchanter. Long years after loved friends are entombed, the wand of memory waves over the chill vaults of the sepulchre, and the dead start into life; pale, petrified, passionless as the seraphs, their sweet faces beam again upon us. The fragrance of their spirit breath stirs in their time-bleached locks; their thrilling kisses are again on our lips. With their spirits our spirits again mingle in a better fraternity of feeling than ever bound us before. We invest them with transcendent beauty! they are now lovelier than the Queens of this world, the bosoms throb upon ours with better sympathy; their eyes look deep into ours, with exceeding love. Strange intellectual power! What a contrast of spirit with spirit! What a re-union between the severed! Can it be possible that in this spirit dialogue, but one spirit has a part, answering itself, and creating but an imaginary bliss? No—no. Intellect has a voice that can summon its loved from the spirit world. In the arms of my soul, I may, with a due submission, to the great father of spirits, clasp the spirit of my dead. Again upon my heart can I lay the spirit babe to whom I sobbed farewell long years gone by. Not only in the arms of my fancy, but really, and indeed, in intellectual affinity, may I embrace my sweet departed daughter, whose angel spirit in life pined for my happiness, and whose last accents, as her tongue froze in death, murmured my name."

We never met with a better illustration of "the biter bit" than in the following story of a Yankee captain and his mate. Whenever there was plum pudding made by the captain's orders, all the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning in his hands, as if merely examining the China, he said—"this dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,"—and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible," said the mate taking up the dish—"I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling,"—and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate—the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed—the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter."

The Major, of the Germantown Telegraph, has grown modest of late. Hear him.

"We thank our Moorland Friend, for his flattering opinion of the Telegraph and our feeble efforts. We consider it a duty to uphold merit wherever it may exist—and that is the object of this paragraph."

This was all written after the Major's trip to Cape May. He was greatly mortified, we learn, when he found that the devil had spoiled the point of his joke, by splitting it.

The Farmers' and Mechanics' Journal of Gettysburg (a good paper by the bye) has the following pithy sentence in one of its editorials. There is more sound sense in these few words than most Congressional speakers can compress into a three day's oration. We fully endorse the sentiment, "it is high time for the plain people of the country to take the management of their own affairs into their own hands, and elect men from their own ranks to represent them—men who will legislate for the public good instead of the good of their party."

Passengers are now carried to the top of the Bunker Hill Monument in chains, hoisted by steam. "Such a gittin up stairs we never did see."

Love poetry is just now very popular with young ladies in their teens, and Tom Moore's songs and tales are read by romantic young men at all the pic-nics. One of the western editors has lately been favored with an original love poem, addressed to himself—the lucky dog! Accompanying the lines was a lock of hair. As the poem is short, we give it entire.

"This lock of hare
I once did ware,
But now I trust it to your care,
And if we no more each other se,
Then look at this, and think on me."

Who could resist such love-making? Not an editor, especially if he was a bachelor,—to that we are willing to be qualified, as they say at the squire's office. Our editorial brother felt a sort of dizziness in the head, and a choking in the throat, while his heart went like a forge hammer. He couldn't rest until he indited and printed the following:

"Who you are
That sent that hair,
I oughter had to, but I don't care.
I don't know you, tho' you know me,
But I'll try to think, if I don't blow me."

An English paper says that the town of Rhode Island has been disturbed by rebellion, in consequence of which two or three hundred rebels were publicly executed. The denizens of Providence, and "along shore" will receive this with becoming thankfulness. It will be news to them.

A country editor opens a political article with the following passage. "The battle is over:—the smoke clearing up—the victors rejoicing, and the defeated parties beating off the dead and wounded. "Whizz!—whizz!!—whizz!!! "Take your time Miss Lucy."

We cut the following political pun from a country paper, not for the politics, but for the wit. "Why will the Whigs carry the next election?" asked one of another. "Don't know," was the reply. "Because all them in the long run must turn to *Clay*."

At a temperance festival in New Hampshire, the following witty but *intemperate* toast was given. The Hon. Thomas F. Marshall: The Washingtonians regret to find him a duellist.—*They wish he had aimed higher.*

Peaches are retailing in New York at three cents each. Hard times indeed!

Notices of New Works.

The Lady's World of Fashion, for September.—*C. J. Peterson, 98 Chesnut street.*—The number of this elegant and popular periodical for the ensuing month, is already on our table. The embellishments and contents are unusually rich. The first illustration is a splendid steel engraving, entitled "The Eastern Princess," and rarely have we seen a plate of more beautiful design, or executed in a higher style of art. The other illustration is a plate of colored fashions, representing three full, and three half length figures, and giving all the choice styles of the season. No periodical now extant rivals this magazine in the finish, and style with which the fashion plates are got up—the figures not being lithographed, but elaborately engraved, and colored with unusual taste. The original matter of the number shows a decided increase of merit in the contributors. We cannot, indeed, do better than give the contents.

Fashions for September, (*illustrated*); A Dirge; Velasco, or the Elopement, by A. W. Noney; The Faded Flower, by Edwin Eddison; Memory, by Mrs. G. Norman; The Eastern Princess, (*illustrated,*) by Mrs. Anne Ford; Remembrance; Lord Percy's Dream; Twilight; The Baron's Knell, by J. H. Dana; Enchantment, by E. J. Porter; Herbert Mordaunt, by George Haydn; Lines to the Evening Star; The Bridal Eve, by Harriet Bowles; The Broken Hearted, by J. Tomlin; Distinguished Strangers, by Gertrude Garland; Rosalie, by H. J. Vernon; Dreaming and Waking; The Young Member, by Mrs. M. V. Spencer; To a Lady, a Song; The Rose, by D. Everett Rose; What is Duty, by Ellen Ashton.

The high terms in which this Magazine has been spoken of by the press, and the rapidly increasing circulation has determined the publisher, we understand, to renewed exertions; and he has now in *hand a series of magnificent mezzotints*—which will be given to his subscribers, beginning in October.

A Walk about Zion.—*By Rev. John A. Clark, D.D. Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia.*—We have before us, from the press of Robert Carter, of New York, the *fifth* edition of this admirable work, revived and enlarged by the author. It is written in a truly liberal and catholic spirit,—and we know of no volume of a religious character that will interest more deeply the general reader, or be productive of more advantage. It is printed in that style of neatness and correctness which distinguishes all Mr. Carter's publications.—H. Hooker, Philadelphia publisher.

The Book of Cage Birds.—Mr. Bernard Duke, No. 117 Chesnut street, has just published an elegant duodecimo volume, under this title, which will become at once universally popular with those who keep feathered minstrels in their houses. It contains directions for their treatment, anecdotes, &c., and poetry from the pens of David Paul Brown, Henry B. Hirst, Robert Morris, Francis Cosby, Mr. Duke, and other well-known bards.

The Disowned, *by Sir E. L. Bulwer.*—A handsome edition of this novel, with an engraving, has been published by the Harpers' and may be had of Burgess, 3 Ledger Buildings, for twenty-five cents.

Hungarian Tales and Legends, *by Miss Pardoe.*—This is an excellent collection of tales, and may be had of Burgess for twelve and a half cents.

Army & Navy.

☞ The following Brevets have been conferred by the President and Senate:—Col. W. J. Worth of the 8th Reg't of Inf., to be Brigadier General from 1st March, 1842. Capt. W. W. Morris 4th Reg't of Art., to be Major from 27th January, 1837. Capt. Robert Anderson, 3d Reg't of Art., to be Captain from 2d April, 1838. Capt. F. Searle, to be Major from 25th November, 1839. Capt. J. R. Irwin to be Captain from 21st August, 1836. Capt. George Andrews 6th Reg't of Inf., to be Major from 25th December, 1837. 1st Lieut., J. F. Lee, of the Ord. Dept., to be Captain to date from the 27th January, 1837. 1st Lt., W. H. T. Walker, of the 6th Inf., to be 1st Lieutenant from the 25th December, 1837. 1st Lt. J. E. Johnson, Corps of Top. Engs., to be Capt. from 9th July, 1838. 1st Lt. W. Alburtin, of the 2d Reg't of Inf., to be Captain from 2d of March, 1841. 2d. Lt. D. S. Irwin, of the 3d Inf., to be 1st Lieutenant from 7th of September, 1841. All these Brevets are conferred for gallant conduct in the Florida War.

☞ Gen. Worth reports, under date of the 12th inst. the thorough pacification of Florida. Bowlegs, representing the Southern Indians, met the General at Tampa on the 5th inst., and agreed to the concessions offered him. On the 10th inst. he returned with Tiger-tail. They are all to pass within the designated limits as soon as they can be collected. Tiger-tail and others wish to go West. We suppose now it may be said the "Florida war is ended."

☞ Gen. Eustis, of the U. S. Army, is to command the sixth Military Department, comprising the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Maine. His Head Quarters are at Portland.

☞ The United States ship Vincennes, the flag ship of the Exploring Expedition, is undergoing repairs, her timbers having met with rough usage amid the storms of the Atlantic.

☞ The United States Steamship Mississippi arrived at Key West from New York, on the 6th inst., all well.

General News.

☞ The brig Harriet, that has just arrived at Baltimore, from the west coast of Africa, brings the report that on the 26th of April, the schooner Mary Carver, Farwell, of Plymouth, Me., was captured by the natives of Barbary, and the captain, mate and crew murdered, in consequence of a dispute with the natives and the captain. After the capture of the schooner, they informed the captain of their intention to kill him: when he implored them in vain to spare his life. They tied a large stone around his neck, conveyed him some distance from the shore, and then threw him into the sea. The captain, says the Baltimore Argus, has a wife and two children in some part of Massachusetts.

☞ The grand jury of New Orleans, in their presentment, regret that the laws of the State against duelling are so severe that they defeat their own purposes. They are of the opinion that if it were made a crime, punishable merely by imprisonment, and by obliging the survivor to support the family of the victim, the provisions against it would be effectual to its suppression. This doctrine contains a general principle which should never be lost sight of by legislators. It is the true remark of one of the oldest writers on law, that *certainty* and not *severity* of punishment is the best preventive of crime.

☞ A Mrs. Turk, residing near Rochester, was on Thursday morning so badly burnt that she is not expected to recover. She was cooking at the door, in a state of partial intoxication, when her clothes took fire, and, before assistance arrived, were entirely consumed, reducing almost the whole surface of the body to an entire crisp. Her husband was near by, but not in a situation to render her any assistance. Such are rum's doings.

☞ It is a singular fact, that next to Louisiana, Vermont is the greatest sugar producing State in the Union! The amount of *maple sugar* produced in 1840, was over 2,550 tons, being over 17¼ pounds to each inhabitant allowing a population of 291,948. At five cents a pound this is worth $255,963 20. The Montpelier Watchman states that this quantity is very far below that produced the present year, and thinks it may be safely estimated, that the sugar produced this season will, at the low price of five cents, be worth one million of dollars.

☞ It is confidently believed, in New Orleans, that an agency of the Bank of England has been established in that city, for the circulation of the notes of that institution, and that they already form, to some degree, a paper medium there. It is, moreover, pretty well ascertained that similar agencies are to be established in all the principal cities of the Union.

☞ The French Razee Frigate Circe, Capt. Ricard arrived in Hampton Roads on Thursday night, in distress. The Circe is from Kingston, Jamaica, bound to Port au Prince, but striking a rock in coming out of Kingston harbor, sprung a leak, and bore away for Norfolk, Va., to repair damages.

☞ In addition to the discoveries made in New Hampshire of crude arsenic, tin, iron, zinc and lead ores, the valuable ore of Titanium has been discovered in the towns of Merrimack and Unity. This article is said to be worth $16 per pound, wholesale, and is used by dentists and porcelain painters.

☞ The National Intelligencer of Monday, mentions the death of Isaac Rand Jackson, Esq., United States Charge at Denmark. Mr. J. was a citizen of Philadelphia, and highly respected by his numerous friends. He died at Copenhagen on the 27th July, after a sickness of three weeks.

☞ Lard oil is now used for almost all the purposes to which Sperm and Olive Oil have heretofore been applied, and with a large saving. It burns well in lamps, acts well on machinery of all sorts, on wool to be manufactured, and it is said sometimes gets upon sallads and is eaten.

☞ Paden Sales, arrested some days since at Smithfield, charged with having robbed the Great Western Mail on the 26th ult., on the road between Wheeling and Frederick, has been brought on to Baltimore and is now confined in jail, awaiting further investigations.

☞ A requisition has been made by Gov. King upon Gov. Hubbard, of New Hampshire, for the surrender of Thomas W. Dorr, charged with treason against Rhode Island, and a fugitive from justice. Gov. Hubbard refused to comply with the requisition.

☞ It is stated that the Government of Canada, with the approbation of Queen Victoria, intends to grant an unqualified amnesty to all persons who were concerned in the recent frontier disturbances and insurrections, without any exceptions.

☞ The steam frigate Gomer, now at New York, has an apparatus for distilling water, which produces an abundant supply. Nearly all the French merchant ships now carry an apparatus for distilling all the water they need.

☞ Orders from Washington were received at the armory at Springfield, (Mass.) directing a general discharge of the workmen, for the ostensible reason that there is no money to pay for a continuance of the work.

☞ The New York Courier says:—"So many emigrants have arrived at this port, and the times are so bad here, that we are sorry to say that every English packet takes them back again by the hundreds."

☞ Among the rumors which are afloat is one, that Judge Ellis Lewis, of Lycoming, (Pa.) would be called into the Cabinet, when the expected changes take place after the adjournment.

☞ Mr. Forward, the Secretary of the Treasury, was in Pittsburg at the latest accounts. It is doubted by some whether he will ever return to Washington, as Secretary of the Treasury.

☞ We learn from a Montreal paper, that there are more than 3000 youths in that city, pledged to total abstinence from ardent spirits.

☞ The crop of hemp in Kentucky is said by gentlemen from that state, to be twice as large as ever before.

☞ The income of the Lord Mayor of London, amounts to between £7000 and £8000 per annum.

☞ Snow fell at Quebec on the 1st inst.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

Great Britain—Ireland—Spain—Portugal—Germany—China—Syria—The East—Miscellaneous.

The steamship Britannia arrived at Boston on Friday morning (Aug. 19,) bringing London and Liverpool dates to August 4. The harvests in Great Britain promise to be abundant, and there has been a slight improvement in the manufacturing districts. The Cotton Market has been active—lower qualities of American having improved ⅛d per pound. The political intelligence furnished by the London and Liverpool papers is not of a very interesting character. The Parliamentary proceedings were entirely destitute of interest. The members of both Houses appear to have been more attentive to party contentions, than to the affairs of the people. Two or three attempts had been made in the House of Commons to bring up the Corn-Law question, but all of them failed. Lord Brougham made a long and eloquent speech in favor of a resolution, calling on the government to take into consideration the present state of the slave trade, with a view to its entire suppression. We give below a digest of the intelligence from the different quarters.

Great Britain.

On the 28th ult. London and its vicinity were visited by a most destructive thunder storm, which did great damage. The steeple of St. Martin's Church was shattered, and other public buildings were severely injured.

Parliament was to be prorogued about the 10th by the Queen in person. The topics of debate have little interest this side of the Atlantic. A motion by Mr. Duncombe to address the Queen stating the ministerial measures to have been insufficient in relieving the national distress, was lost—91 to 147. In the House of Commons, in reply to a question asked by Mr. Cobden, relative to two steam vessels fitting out at Blackwall for the service of Mexico, to be employed against Texas, Sir Robert Peel said that those vessels, the Montezuma and another, were to be at the disposal of the Government of Mexico, but strict orders had been issued that all means should be taken by this country to preserve a strict neutrality.

Great difficulty is experienced in England in collecting taxes, poor rates, &c. In the parish of Stroud alone, upwards of 559 rates were returned as not collectable, and this is but a fair sample of many other places.

Ireland.

A good deal of excitement had been produced at Thornfield, near Ballygar, Ireland, by the discovery of a murder committed some ten years ago, by a man who has since occupied a highly respectable station in society. The symptoms of discontent had by no means ceased; and the strong measures of the government in bringing rioters to punishment seemed to avail nothing. The examination of persons connected with the late riots at Ennis, had developed many curious facts in regard to "Ribandism" in Ireland. It appears that the Riband Society had a regular scale of pass-words, suited to every emergency, for escape from officers in case of riots. Thirty-nine indictments for wilful murder have been found against the persons engaged in these riots.

Spain.

Madrid news of the 25th represents the quarrels of the Palace, i. e., between Argulles and the Grand Lady Chamberlain, as not appeased. It was rumored that Argulles had resigned. Rodil's Ministry is not likely to last. The Infante and Infanta have continued to get leave to tarry in Madrid till the end of the month. Great surprise is manifested in the Spanish Capitol by the appointment of the Countess Montejo as lady of honor to the Queen, in the place of Madame Beljuda, as the former is said to be notoriously of Carlist principles. The Spanish Government continues to send troops to the Portuguese frontier. Don Francisco and his family were to leave Madrid for St. Sebastiana on the 1st inst.

Portugal.

The commercial and slave trade treaties had been received from England, duly ratified. The ratifications had been exchanged, and the treaties were law in both countries. At a council of state, a decree was issued proclaiming the slave trade piracy, it having been notified that on this decree being promulgated a bill will be brought into the British Parliament, associating England and Portugal in an alliance for the suppression of the slave trade. The Duke of Palmella had declined accepting the portfolio of foreign affairs.

Germany.

The letters from Stuttgardt announce the attendance of the diplomatic representatives of England, France, and America, with the other subordinate ambassadors of neighboring states, who are alluded to as watching, with great vigilance, the consideration of the subject of duties on the diet. The presence of the English Ambassador is stated to be particularly directed to the question of manufactures, while the American Minister promises mutual advantages, should the duty on tobacco and rice be lowered. The French Ambassador has made no proposition respecting a treaty of commerce, and it was supposed he had received orders to wait the result of the elections. A letter from Frankfort-on-the-Oder, date the 21st ult., states that the fair of St. Magnini, which had just concluded, was well supplied with goods, but almost exclusively from the States forming the German Union, which met with a ready sale, but at rather reduced prices. A letter from Berlin, 21st ult., in the German Journal of Frankfort, says:—"The city of Hamburgh has just contracted, through the house of Rothschild and other bankers, a loan of 32,000,000 of crowns, at ninety-three rix dollars, with interest at three and a half per cent. This sum has been placed at the disposal of the Senate, and is destined to the rebuilding of the house which were destroyed."

China.

China news to the 12th of April, and Singapore journals to the 5th of May have been received. It was said that Yang, an imperial commissioner, was en route to offer 40,000,000 dollars to the British for the expenses of the war, and the surrendered opium; also the cession of Hong Kong as the price of peace. The Chinese had already commenced removing the ruins of the rubbish preparatory to rebuilding the Bogue forts. Some fighting had taken place at Ningpo, in which 1100 British routed 6000 Chinese, with the loss of 5 to 700 slain. The British had 3 killed and 40 wounded.

The Agra Ukbar, of June 4, says that it was reported that an army of observation would be assembled at Allahabad in the ensuing cold season.

Among the items of intelligence from Scinde, and which may be depended upon as authentic, is an announcement that a large army, said to be 25,000 strong, is advancing from Mushed to Herat, and that very suspicious conferences are being held at Hydrabad, between the Ameers and others, requiring the most vigilant attention of Major Outram. News is received from Jellalabad to the 29th of May. Akbar Khan had demanded 10,000 rupees for General Elphinstone's remains. The Delhi Gazette of the 14th of May mentions that they had been interred, on the 30th of April, within the walls of Jellalabad. Akbar Khan claims that Dost Mahomed be sent back, and that we evacuate the country, leaving an agent at Cabul in exchange for the English captives. The army, it was thought, would not leave the place until they moved to Cabul, there to meet General Nott, from Candahar. The Khyber Pass was being re-occupied by the Afreedes, and the whole road to Cabul stockaded and defended by all the obstructions the enemy could oppose. Captain Mackenzie had returned to Jellalabad on the 9th of May from Lughman, with terms for the release of the prisoners. General Sale's victory over Akbar Khan had struck such terror into the minds of the people that it was thought our troops might have moved on to the capital without resistance, had not the force been deficient in every requisite for so large an army. A letter from Saugor of the 26th of May announces the Boondlelahs to have fled into the territory of Sciendia. Everything remains in *statu quo*. Half the Candahar force had moved out to re-inforce Kelat Gilzie, and make a demonstration on Ghyznee. General England crossed the Kojue Kuthul on the 3d May, with the loss of only four men wounded. Instructions had been given on the 14th of May from the Adjutant-general's office to withdraw the troops serving west of the Indus within the British provinces.

Syria.

The state of things in Syria is such as threatens to involve the Porte in a war with the European powers—a war which must result in the final and entire subversion of the Ottoman government. The Porte appears determined not to accede to the demands of the great European powers for a government to Syria which shall insure protection to the Christians of Mount Lebanon against the persecutions of the Druses. One of the members of the Turkish divan is said to have told the British and French ministers plainly, that if they did not like the Ottoman mode of governing Syria, they might take it and govern it for themselves—a hint which the great European powers will not be slow to act upon, as soon as they can come to some agreement relative to an equitable division of the spoils among themselves. Meantime, the Christians of Anti-Libanus are suffering every thing from the mountaineers, whose object appears to be to drive them from a state of passive submission into a war which they well know will be one of extermination. Almost daily accounts reach Beyroot of some new outrage upon the Syrian Christians, who appear to have given up all hope of the protection so often promised by the Turkish government, and to depend on France and England to right their many and grievous wrongs. No less than twelve sheiks, all of them related to the family of Shabab, had sought refuge on board British vessels, where they found full protection. Most of three Christian sheiks who remained had been arrested, under pretext of conspiracy against the government, and it was thought would be severely dealt with. The catholic patriarch of Lebanon had fortified himself, and his numerous followers were determined to defend him to the last, both against the Turks and Druses.

The East.

Private letters from Constantinople of the 13th ult. announce that the Shah of Persia is making preparations for a war against Turkey, and that a Persian army is to march against Bagdad, and another against Erzeroum. Troops had already marched from Teheran to Amedan on their way to Bagdad. For some time past there have been afloat rumors of war on the Persian frontier, but it was expected they would, as usual, end in smoke. It would appear, however, that matters have become serious. Mahmoud Pacha, who was formerly governor of his native place, Busra, and who remained for some years in disgrace at Constantinople, lately fled to Persia, where he offered his services to the Shah, who gave him the command of an armed force and sent him to invade Turkey in the neighborhood of Suleymanieh. He passed the frontier in hostile array, but was soon met by Indjes Bairakdaroglu Mehmed Pacha, who was sent by the Pacha of Bagdad at the head of 4,000 troops. A fierce attack immediately followed; the Turks were completely triumphant, and such of the Persians as escaped the sword fled to Persia again.

Miscellaneous.

The treaty of commerce between Belgium and France has been concluded. Belgian linen and thread are to be still admitted into France on the existing duties, but British articles of that kind are not to be imported into Belgium, except on payment of the duties set forth in the French tariff. Belgium is to reduce the duties on French wines one-third. The navigation Act is moreover to be altered so as to give to French salt the advantage on that produced or manufactured in England.

The harvests have generally come in finely, all over Europe. There are some complaints of the drought in the south of France, and in some portions of England and Ireland; but the aggregate crops all over Europe, it is said, will average one quarter beyond any previous year within the memory of the *oldest inhabitants*.

The wine trade in the south of Europe is in the lowest possible state of depression. This is attributed to three causes—the stagnation of business generally, the abundance of the vintage, and the diminished demand for export, induced by the spread of temperance and the manufacture of imitation wines.

The Greenland whale fishery, as far as the British vessels are concerned, has been again a decided failure, and the owners of the whalers belonging to Peterhead have determined to employ them hereafter in some other enterprise. The foreign vessels were also unsuccessful.

Great anxiety appears to be felt by the Jews throughout Europe, on account of the legislative measures announced as forthcoming at Berlin in regard to their affairs. The Jews have learned to distrust all special legislation relative to their own concerns.

A greater number of fashionably attired scamps, known as the "London swell mob," are prowling about the country towns in England, than were ever known before. They are driven out of London by the hard times, and are generally very closely watched.

The operative masons at Glasgow persevered in their strike for higher wages, until their places were principally supplied from the other towns. The distress among the poorer families, is said to be past description.

The German papers are filled with accounts of hailstorms, which appear to have been severe beyond precedent. Hail stones as large as hen's eggs fell in the neighborhood of Leipsic, on the 25th.

The quantity of silver, in coin and bullion, imported into England from South America, has been greater the past year than on any previous year since the separation of the colonies from Spain.

Nearly one half the people in the island of Harris, one of the Hebrides, were preparing at the last accounts to embark for America. Emigration appears to be the order of the day.

The Russian army under Gen. Grabbe have been defeated by the Circassians, with a loss to the former of 1500 men and 25 officers. The Russian artillery was, however, saved.

The number of persons confined in the London prisons is unusually large. In the Coldbath-fields prison alone there are upwards of 100 confined for various offences.

The British Parliament proposes to give £30,000 from the Exchequer for the education of the people, and £70,000 for the maintenance of the royal stable!

The death of Admiral Taylor, one of the oldest flag officers in the service, took place at his residence at Greenwich, on Tuesday week, in his 82d year.

The commercial treaty between Great Britain and Portugal, has been finally arranged, and upon terms highly advantageous to both.

The Wesleyan Conference, at London, have elected Dr. Hannah president of the year, and Robert Newton, secretary.

SUGAR FROM INDIAN CORN.

We called the attention of our readers, last year, to this subject; and since then it has been growing in interest. Mr. William Webb, the gentleman to whom we then alluded as having manufactured sugar from corn stalks, has this year renewed his experiments, of which we find an interesting account in the Farmer's Cabinet. It was on Mr. Webb's farm that the experiments were made, which were the basis of Mr. Ellsworth's Report setting forth the advantages of prosecuting this branch of agriculture. We give an extract.

"We have been favored with a visit to the farm of Mr. Benjamin Webb, near Wilmington, and have examined the acre of corn which his son, Mr. William Webb, is cultivating for the purpose of making sugar from the stalks the present season. The rows are two and a half feet apart, and the plants not more than an inch or two distant in the rows; the seed was drilled with a machine of his own invention, and has produced a crop of unprecedented vigor and uniformity. The yield is enormous, and so far as present appearances can warrant the conjecture, is expected to yield a quantity of sugar equal to Mr. Webb's calculation, namely, 1000 pounds per acre. The ears of corn are now in progress of extraction, and the fact is proved, that this part of the process can be performed to profit, the worth of the ear and leaf attached being of more value than the labor required. Owing to close planting, perhaps, there is not more than one stalk in forty or fifty, which exhibits signs of fruiting—whether they will be equally productive in the saccharine principle as those more perfect in their formation, is a question which Mr. Webb's indefatigable spirit for research is destined to solve. The stalks are already full of sap, and some of them are showing signs of maturity; the juice from these is vinous and peculiarly agreeable to the taste, and there is no doubt that it might be made, in its present incipient state, to yield a wine for present purpose, far superior to any that could be made from grape in this climate. It would appear, therefore, that the question in future will be—not what else can be made from the "universal corn-crop," but what else *cannot* be made from it! As we heard one observe the other day, "Why, 'tis meat, drink and clothing, lodging, washing and mending! Affecting one's life, character and behavior—our prospects and happiness in this life, and fitting us for that which is to come, by engendering a universal spirit of industry and improvement throughout the length and breadth of the land." Mr. Webb deserves the thanks of the community for his untiring zeal in the cause.

OHIO IN TROUBLE.

We have noticed, in our political intelligence, the passage of an apportionment bill by the Ohio House of Representatives, which bill gave dissatisfaction to the Whigs. The members of that party, in the Ohio Legislature, have in consequence resigned, leaving both Senate and House without a quorum. The Legislature was engaged in the consideration of a bill regulating the Congressional district of the State, which bill passed to engrossment in the House on the evening of the 10th inst., and at the request of the Whig members for a day's postponement, its passage was deferred till next day. The next morning when the bill came up, in regular order, twenty-eight Whig members resigned, leaving the House without a quorum. The Senate was then in session, and the word went up from the House, and in the midst of the morning business, thirteen members of the Senate resigned, *leaving that body also without a quorum.* The reason assigned for this act is that the bill dividing the State into Congressional districts, gave the Democrats too large a majority of the districts. The Democrats would have by it eleven members, the Whigs six—four doubtful. The effect of the dissolution of the Legislature is to undo all the measures which have been before the present extra session. The appraisement law, which requires personal property to bring two-thirds of its value before it can be sold, and which had passed both Houses, cannot have its provisions enforced because it had not received the Governor's signature before the dissolution. The contractors and laborers on the public works are left without any provision for their payment. The bill for their relief had passed through the hands of the Finance Committee, but had been reported back and laid on the table. A public meeting was immediately held in Columbus, and strong denunciatory resolutions passed. The Legislature assembled on the 12th inst., and the Speakers of the two Houses recommended to the members each one to adjourn himself if he chose, and wait for a remedy to be applied by the people at the next October election. It appears by the Constitution of that State, neither House can adjourn for more than two days without the consent of the other. The seceding members would not obey the command of the Sergeant at Arms to assemble, and accordingly the Legislature was compelled to adjourn and leave it to a future Legislature to determine which party will be sustained.

ELECTIONS.

The returns of the August elections come slowly in. We give them so far as received.

Kentucky.—All the counties in the State, except two, are heard from. The lower House of the Legislature will probably be composed of 58 Whigs, and 40 Democrats. The Whigs will have about 30 majority on joint ballot.

North Carolina.—The Raleigh Register, of the 19th inst., has complete returns from all the counties in the State, as to the result of the election of members of the Assembly. The Democrats have a majority of 24 on joint ballot.

In the other States the returns are only partial, and there is but little use of publishing them until they are complete.

Alabama.—Forty-two out of forty-nine counties in the State have been heard from. The Mobile Register, says that the Democratic majority in the Legislature on joint ballot will be from 40 to 45.

Indiana.—The complexion of the legislature of this state is reported to be as follows:—Senate, 21 Democrats and 29 Whigs—House, 57 Democrats and 43 Whigs. Majority for Democrats on joint ballot 7. In De Kalb and Steuben counties, which together send one member, there is a tie.

Illinois.—Returns from twenty counties give the Democratic candidate for Governor a majority of 626. It is said, by the Peoria Register, a Whig paper, that his majority will be somewhat less than 7000.

Local Intelligence.

☞ We understand that upwards of fifty persons, chiefly Irishmen, are now confined in the county jail, charged with participating in the late riot. Most of those persons are poor, and being held to enormous bail, have been forced to go to prison. Not one tenth of their number can be proved guilty. Much excitement among their friends and relatives is the consequence. This is all wrong. Too many persons have been arrested, and on too slight grounds. If a few ringleaders had been taken up at the time and summarily, though not *too hastily*, punished, the example would have been worth all the questionable arrests which have been made since; for now every man who was seen on the scene of riot, or who looks like one seen there, is haled up before the magistrate by our *valorous* police, and on mere suspicion, held to such an enormous bail that there is no choice but to go to prison, leaving his family perhaps to suffer. Were the guilt of the party certain it would be a different matter; but such is not the case. The fact is the police of Philadelphia does not understand how to quell a riot, and we shall continue to have these outbreaks until a more summary method is adopted to check them. We have great faith in reading the riot act, commanding the mob to disperse, and then, after a due interval, firing with ball. Good citizens have no business in a mob after the riot act has been read; and if a severe lesson was once taught by the authorities, riots would grow scarce here. We know an eastern city where this method was adopted some years since, and the consequence has been that mobs have since been unknown there.

☞ The Democratic County Delegation, on Monday afternoon nominated for Senator, Thomas McCully, of Southwark; for Assembly, A. L. Roumfort, Germantown; Richard Bacon, Kensington; Francis Clinton, Southwark; Edward McGowan, Moyamensing; Thomas Tustin, Spring Garden; Jacob R. Kline and Joseph L. Hancock, Northern Liberties, and Joseph Deal, Oxford. A resolution was passed, with great unanimity, instructing the members from the County to vote for a repeal of the Court of General Sessions. The Democratic City Delegation made the following nominations: for Mayor, Richard Vaux; for Senate, George Emlen; for Assembly, John Kames, and Joseph C. Neal. The Delegation meet again on Monday.

☞ There was a slight disturbance at the Kensington culvert on Tuesday, arising from a strike for wages, and the interference with those who still continued work. The disorder was soon quelled by the police.

☞ The Military Court, enquiring into the validity of the election of Major General, has decided in favor of the election of General Patterson, and certified the same to the Governor.

New Counterfeits.

Bank of Montpelier, Montpelier, Vt.—1's payable at Suffolk Bank, Boston. No genuine bills of this Institution are payable at Boston.

Exchange Bank, Pittsburg, Pa.—3's relief issue, letter A., pay bearer, May 15, 1841. The word "bearer" in the counterfeit, commences the 3d line—in the true bills it ends the 2d line. This is sufficient to detect them.

News from Congress.

On Wednesday, the Senate devoted the day to the consideration of the Treaties.

In the House several ineffectual attempts were made to suspend the rules, to take up the Revenue Bill, without the distribution clause. The vote was taken whether the Bill should pass in the shape in which it went to the President, 91 voted in favor, and 87 voted against it. So it did not get two-thirds.

The orders of the day now came up, when the Report of Mr. Adams was adopted. The question was then taken on the adoption of the Resolutions to amend the Constitution. The vote stood 98 ayes to 90 nays. So (two-thirds not voting in the affirmative, as required by the fifth article of the Constitution of the United States touching proposed amendments to that instrument) the resolution was *rejected.*

On Thursday, the Senate transacted nothing of importance except Executive business.

In the House, Mr. Fillmore, from the Committee on Ways and Means offered the following resolution.

Resolved, That it is expedient to pass another Revenue Bill, the same as that which recently passed both Houses of Congress, and has been returned by the President, with his objections, to this House, and on re-consideration lost for want of a constitutional majority, entitled, "An act to provide revenue from imports and to change and modify existing laws imposing duties on imports, and for other purposes, with the exception of the 27th section of said bill, which repeals the provisions to the Land Distribution act, and so modified as to make tea imported in American vessels from beyond the Cape of Good Hope, and coffee free of duty; and that the Committee of Ways and Means be, and they are hereby instructed to report such a bill to this House with all convenient despatch."

On this resolution 86 voted in the affirmative, and 114 in the negative. So it was lost.

On Friday, the Senate were engaged in Executive Business.

In the House two or three attempts were made unsuccessfully to suspend the rules and take up a Revenue Bill. At length Mr. C. J. Ingersoll moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, with the view of taking up a Revenue Bill. The motion prevailed, 96 to 84. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll moved to postpone the order of business in order to take up the Bill reported by the Committee on the Judiciary. The first motion was upon the unfinished business—(a Naval Bill)—when the House were last in Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. The Bill was laid aside accordingly, and the Committee voted to consider the Bill reported by Mr. Ingersoll. The motion prevailed. A long discussion ensued, when the Committee rose that the House might refer the Contingency Bill.

On Saturday, the Senate took up the resolution to adjourn. Messrs. Preston and Tallmadge opposed any adjournment until the House should pass a Revenue Bill. The resolution, on motion of Mr. Rives, was laid on the table; then the Senate went into Executive business.

The House went into Committee of the Whole, when the Tariff Bill, which was pending when the Committee rose the day before, was laid aside, and the Contingency Bill taken up. The House refused to concur in the Senate's amendments.

On Monday in the Senate the Contingent Bill was taken up, when the Senate insisted on its amendment. A committee of conference, consisting of three members on the part of the House, is moved.

In the House, several bills were reported, when Mr. Barnard, of New York, submitted a resolution that all debate in Committee of the Whole upon the Revenue Bill should cease at one o'clock this day, and that the Committee should then proceed to vote upon amendments pending, and which may be offered. The resolution was adopted without yeas and nays. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll was called to the Chair, and the debate proceeded an hour and ten minutes on the Revenue Bill. At the end of that time, Mr. Barnard's bill having been perfected, the question returned upon the substitute proposed by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll. This bill having been read, the vote was taken by tellers, and but 38 members voted for the bill of Mr. C. J. Ingersoll. Mr. McKennan's Bill was the next substitute proposed, and before the bill was presented in the form of an amendment to the amendment, there were various propositions submitted in the shape of amendments. All of these were rejected. When the bill came to a vote upon the substitute, the House decided to take the bill of Mr. McKennan, with the distribution out of it, by a vote of 99 to 67.

The bill was soon reported to the House, and a scene of great excitement and anxiety followed for an hour. The first vote upon concurring in the Report of the Committee by substituting the bill of Mr. McKennan for that from the Judiciary Committee. This was considered a test vote, but did not so turn out, and the result was as follows: For the bill, 102; against it, 90. The next question was upon the engrossment of the bill. This vote was taken under an intense feeling of excitement, and the result was for the engrossment 101; against it, 101. The enemies of the bill received the announcement with applause. Mr. R. W. Thompson, of Indiana, moved a reconsideration. The vote was, yeas 106; nays, 98. The question returned upon the engrossment. The yeas and nays were again ordered, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed. Ayes, 102, Noes, 102. The House, while these several votes were being recorded and read, exhibited a great feeling of anxiety. The yeas and nays were then taken upon the passage of the bill, which were, yeas 105, nays 103.

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Landaff, W. Andrews, Sherlock, J. Andrews, Appleton, Aycrigg, Babcock, Baker, Barnard, Barton, Beeson, Bidlack, Birdseye, Blair, Boardman, Borden, Briggs, Brockway, Charles Brown, Jeremiah Brown, Burnell, Calhoun, Childs, Crittenden, John C. Clark, James Cooper, Cowen, Cranston, Cushing, Garrett Davis, Richard D. Davis, John Edwards, Everett, Ferris, Fessenden, Fillmore, Gerry, Giddings, Patrick G. Goode, Gordon, Granger, Gustine, Hall, Halsted, Houck, Howard, Hudson, Hunt, Charles J. Ingersoll, Joseph R. Ingersoll, James Irwin, Wm. W. Irwin, Keim, John P. Kennedy, Robert McClellan, McKennan, Thos. F. Marshall, Samson Mason, Mattocks, Maxwell, Maynard, Moore, Morgan, Morris, Morrow, Newhard, Osborne, Parmenter, Pearce, Plumer, Pope, Powell, Proffitt, Ramsay, Benj. Randall, Alexander Randall, Randolph, Read, Ridgway, Riggs, Rodney, Wm. Russell, Jas. M. Russell, Saltonstall, Sanford, Slade, Truman Smith, Sollers, Stratton, John T. Stuart, Taliaferro, Richard W. Thompson, Tillinghast, Toland, Tomlinson, Trumbull, Van Buren, Van Rensselaer, Wallace, Ward, Edward D. White, Thomas W. Williams, Joseph L. Williams, Yorke and Augustus Young—105.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Arnold, Arrington, Atherton, Black, Botts, Boyd, Aaron V. Brown, Milton Brown, Burke, William O. Butler, Green W. Caldwell, Patrick C. Caldwell, John Campbell, William B. Campbell, Thomas J. Campbell, Caruthers, Cary, Casey, Clifford, Clinton, Coles, Colquitt, Mark A. Cooper, Cravens, Cross, Daniel, Dawson, Dean, Deberry, Doan, Doig, John C. Edwards, Egbert, John G. Floyd, A. L. Foster, Thomas L. Foster, Gamble, Gentry, Gilmer, Goggin, William O. Goode, Graham, Green, Gwin, Habersham, Harris, Hastings, Hays, Holmes, Hopkins, Houston, Hubbard, Hunter, William Cost Johnson, Cave Johnson, John W. Jones, Andrew Kennedy, King, Lane, Lewis, Linn, Littlefield, Abraham McClellan, McKay, McKeon, Mallory, John Thomson Mason, Mathiot, Mathews, Medill, Miller, Mitchell, Owsley, Payne, Rayner, Reding, Reynolds, Rhet, Rogers, Roosevelt, Saunders, Shaw, Shepperd, Shields, William Smith, Sprigg, Steenrod, Summers, Sumter, John B. Thompson, Jacob Thompson, Triplett, Turney, Underwood, Warren, Washington, Watterson, Weller, James W. Williams, Christopher H. Williams, Wise, and Wood—103.

On Tuesday in the Senate, the joint committee of conference on the disputed amendments to the "contingent bill," made a report, which was concurred in.

The bill "regulating the taking of testimony in cases of contested elections, and that no member unless elected on the district system shall take his seat," was taken up and debated at great length.

The tariff bill was, last evening, read twice and referred to the committee of finance.

In the House a joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Stanley, making an appropriation to enable Mr. Colt to make experiments in his submarine battery. It was referred to the committee on naval affairs.

After the reference of some private bills from the Senate, the House went into committee of the whole, and took up the bill providing for the establishment of several hundred new post routes in various parts of the Union. It occupied the remainder of the day.

Latest Fashions.

Bonnets.—The form of bonnets is much the same, still slightly shading the face; the crowns made round and large; they are composed of light zephyr materials, such as crepe, tulle, fancy gauzes, and tissue, bordered round the edges with folds of the same, and trimmed with rich plumes of divers colors, shaded; the interior decorated with flowers. The bonnets of fancy gauzes, either white, rose, or blue, are mostly trimmed with lace or blonde, the crown being prettily decorated with very light roses, each rose being surrounded and divided by the lace; the interior trimmed to match; we must not, also, forget to mention that the curtains of the bonnets behind are commencing to be worn more shallow. Les paille d'Italie and paille de riz are still much worn; the former generally decorated with shaded plumes, and the latter double with a glace silk, white and pink, and trimmed with a branch of pink and white accacia; sometimes, indeed, they are ornamented on the exterior with a beautiful drooping Russian plume, the interior of the brim being shaded with a light blonde, interspersed at the sides with small white roses. We may also cite, as being both simple and elegant, a chapeau of paille d'Italie, trimmed with a pale green ribbon, forming a ruche, passing across the front, and descending on each side as far as the ears.

Materials.—Light stuffs are still all the rage among our elegantes, as well as those beautiful light silks of different rays and stripes; then there are batistes of Surat, mousselines de laine, tissue bayaderes of every sort, and, lastly, those delicate balzariennes, among which we have remarked a very pretty fantasie, the ground being of different shades, covered with lines at convenient distances, and striped with palm leaves, having a very good effect. The heavier materials are les moires Ninon, les moires Pompadour, les Pekins, covered with narrow stripes shaded, intermixed with small flowers of a paler shade, and les taffetas glaces, bearing the pretty names of rose et ciel and rose et myrte.

Evening Dress.—Nothing is so much worn, at the present moment, as white for evening dresses; we see it everywhere; at the theatre, at balls, at concerts, white is everywhere visible, the favorite material being mousseline or tarlatan; the form of the corsage round, and a la vierge; plain sleeves demi-longues, and mostly covered with the cardinal or lace crispin, forming the sole ornament to the dress. We have also remarked some pretty robes of organdy, having the band attached with a buckle, from which depend two ends descending to the knee, where they are met with two immense flounces which decorate the skirt, broad flounces being now much in favor. The dresses of foulard glace and the barege de Bagegory, with its soft shades, but plain, varies the monotony of so much white, and is certainly more becoming to some complexions.

Sick Headache.—It should be remembered that Sick Headache in all cases proceeds from a disordered stomach, and a corrupt state of the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for every description of headache, because they cleanse the body from those morbid humors, which, if confined in the stomach, are the cause of nausea and sickness, want of appetite, disagreeable taste in the mouth, bad breath, wasting of the gums, decayed teeth, and many other distressing complaints; and when taken into the circulation, and thrown upon the various parts of the body, give rise to every malady incident to man.

Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken once in twenty-four hours, will in a short time put a complete stop to Sick Headache—at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the blood so completely purified, that sick headache, or disease of any kind, will be in a manner impossible.

Beware of Counterfeits.—Country Merchants should remember that all authorised travelling agents are provided with a certificate of agency, signed by William Wright. Those therefore who cannot show one, will be known as base impostors.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE STREET, Philadelphia, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

N. B.—Be particular to ask for the genuine Wright's Pills.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

	Price sold for.
135 shares Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	10½a10¼
100 do. Reading R. R.	18
30 do. United States Bank,	2¼
20 do. Moyamensing Bank,	19½a20
20 do. Western Bank,	35
14 do. Exchange Bank, Pitts	30
12 do. Camden & Amboy R. R.	60¼
$1000 Kentucky 6's, 1871,	75¼
$91 50 Lehigh Mortgage Loan,	23
$2000 Pennsylvania 5's, 1870,	37
$1000 Cincin. 6's, 1865,	72
$1000 City 5's, 1866,	21½
$808 Camden & Amboy R. R. Bonds,	71¼

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	9a12	Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
" middling,	5a 7	Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	60a75
" corned,	4a 7	Wheat " "	75a87
Veal,	4a 7	New Potatoes, ½ pk.	5a 6
Mutton,	3a 5	Eggs, per doz.	10a11
Lamb per qr.	40a68	Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 7	Pickles, per 100,	25a31
" pickled, "	5a 7	Beets, bunch, new,	3a 4
Hams, Jersey,	7a10	Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Jowls,	2a 3	Turnips, qr. peck,	4a 6
Dried Beef,	10a12½	Onions, rope,	6a 7
Cheese, lb.	6a12	Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	25a31
Butter, lb.	15a17	" Apples, ½ pk.	25a31
Lard,	7a 9	Sand Peas, qt.	7a 8
Beef's Tongue,	40a56	Radishes, bunch,	1a 2
Pigs, whole,	50a81¼	Horseradish, root,	1a 2
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15	Hominy, quart,	8a 9
Sheep Tongues, doz.	25a31	String Beans, ½ peck,	4a 6
Blood Pudding,	6a 7	Lima Beans, qt.	10a12½
Fowls, pair,	62a75	" " qr. pk.	6a 8
" Live,	56a75	Rhubarb, bunch,	3a 4
Chickens, live,	31a44	Dried Cherries, qt.	7a 9
Do. dead,	37a50	Whortleberries, ripe,	5a 7
Turkeys,	62a81¼	Cabbage, head,	2a 4
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50	Green Apples, hf. pk.	6a 8
Pigeons, pair,	18a25	Pears,	4a 6
Ducks, pair,	44a50	Tomatoes, qr. pk.	2a 3
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½	Cucumbers, dozen,	3a 6
" fresh,	12a15	Fox Grapes, do.	2a 3
" dry, lb.	18a18¾	Peaches, qr. peck,	12a31
Pickled Cod,	4a 5	Squashes, each,	1a 2
Fresh, "	5a 6	Flat do.	2a 3
Flounders,	9a10	Gages, quart,	10a12½
Halibut, lb.	10a12½	Plums,	7a 8
Sea Bass, lb.	7a 8	Green Corn, doz.	7a 8
Black Fish, lb.	6a 7	Nutmegs,	4a10
Rock, per lb.	9a10	Sweet Potatoes, ½ pk.	10a12½
Perch, per string,	18a31	Watermelons,	6a10
Clams, per 100,	20a25	Peppers, basket,	22a25
Smearcase, qt.	5a 6	Nasturtiums, quart,	10a12½

We have never seen the markets of our city look more inviting than they do at present. Our beef, veal, lamb, poultry, game and such like, cannot be surpassed, if equalled, in any city of the Union. For the last week, too, there has been more than the usual supply and variety of fresh fish. Vegetables of all kinds are very abundant, of excellent quality, and at prices "to suit the times." For family use, by the basket, potatoes may be obtained at 20 to 25 cents, and tomatoes at the same price. When, in addition to this, we state that our butter and eggs are sweet and fresh, and that our fruit market never presented a finer nor more tempting array and variety, we think we have presented inducements sufficient to cause the many travellers after pleasure, comfort and health, to spend a few days in our city ere they return to their homes and the cares of business, to enjoy the delights of our public squares and to test the truth here spoken of the markets.—*Public Ledger.*

Cattle Markets.

New York, Aug. 22—There was the usual supply of Cattle in the market this week, with an evident tendency in prices to decline, and in the existing state of affairs, the drovers will not long be able to sustain the present rates. Of the Beeves, of which 400 came from the Philadelphia market, sales were made at prices ranging from $4,50 to $5,50, but very few indeed went at the latter price. We think that in setting the averages at $5a$5¼, we go a little too high. As usual, Sheep reached from $1,50 to $4; Lambs from $1 to $2,50, and Cows and Calves from $20 to $28 a head.

Philadelphia, August 20—The offering comprised 780 Beeves, 218 Cows and Calves, 190 Swine, and 1400 Sheep. Beef Cattle were in fair request, and 700 head, including 200 for the New York market, sold at $4,50a$6,50 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves sold at $7a$11 for Dry Cows, $10a$20 for Springers, and $16a$30 each for Milch Cows; Jersey Calves on the Delaware $2,50a$3,75, and Penna do at the Yards $1,75a$3 per 100 lbs. Swine—all sold at $3,75a$4,30 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs were taken at $1,75a$4 for the former, and $1a$2 for the latter.

Baltimore, Aug. 19—There has been a good supply of Beef Cattle at market, and with a good demand, last week's prices have been fully maintained. All good sold at prices ranging from $2 to $2,37½ per 100 lbs. on the hoof, which is equal to $4a$4,75 net as in quality. Live Hogs $3a$3,25 per 100 lbs.

Philadelphia Market.

Bark—Further small sales of Quercitron at $24 per ton for first quality.

Coffee—The market is quiet. We note sales of 2a300 bags Laguayra at 9a9½, and Rio at 8½a9½ cents. A cargo of Laguayra has arrived.

Cotton—The demand is very limited, but prices are steady.

Flour and Meal—Sales have been made at $5 per bbl for good brands. Rye Flour is worth $3,87a4 per bbl. No change in Corn Meal.

Grain—Sales of good Penna red Wheat have been made at 98, 95, 93, and some of fair quality at a shade lower. The sales have generally been at 93a95 cts for Penna, though one parcel sold afloat at 98, and 85a90 for Southern. Rye—A sale of Penna at 68 cts. Corn is steady at 54a56 for Penna yellow; white Southern at 52, and yellow at 53 cts. Oats—We quote Southern at 23a25 cts.

Hides—A small invoice of Laguayra arrived on Monday.

Molasses—Sales of 50 hhds Trinidad at 20 cts, 3 months. By auction, 10 hhds Porto Rico sold at 17a24 cts, cash.

Provisions—In Beef and Pork no change. Bacon continues in moderate request, and prices are steady.

Sugars—Prices are steady. Sales of 1a200 hhds Porto Rico at 5a5¾, and New Orleans 4a4½ cts, on time.

Tobacco—The market is quiet and prices steady.—*North American.*

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 35 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, August 27th, 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks.	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	15 dis
Moyamensing bank	13 dis
Penn Township bank	8 dis
U. S. Bank notes,	60 dis
Girard do.	50 dis
Penna. do.	7½ dis
Germantown,	par
Delaware co. at Chester,	par
Chester co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	6 dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	18 dis
Lancaster bank,	3 dis
Farmers bk Lancaster,	3 dis
Lebanon,	6 dis
Harrisburg,	6 dis
Middletown,	6 dis
Carlisle,	6 dis
Columbia Bridge,	5 dis
Northumberland,	6 dis
Miners bk at Potts.	6½ dis
Wy'g bk Wilkesbarre,	12 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	2 dis
" Certificates,	2 dis
" Post notes;	2 dis
Towanda,	
York,	6 dis
Gettysburg,	6 dis
Chambersburg,	6 dis
Waynesburg p. notes,	13 dis
" demand notes,	13 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	7 dis
" demand notes,	7 dis
Erie,	7 dis
Berks county bank,	50 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	9 dis
Lewistown,	10 dis
Lumb'n's bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	45 dis
DISTRICT OF COL'MB'A.	
Washington City	1 dis
Georgetown,	1 dis
Farmers & Mechanics,	1 dis
Alexandria,	1 dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	2 dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	2 dis
Valley bk & branches,	2 dis
Ex. bk & branches,	2 dis
Wheeling,	7 dis
Wheeling post notes,	7 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	6 dis
Bank notes,	6 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	75 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	3½ dis
Small Notes,	10 dis

NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Country banks,	1½ dis
Except bank of Columbia, Green Co., Hudson, Middle Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co., Wayne County bank, Merchants & Planters,	Broken
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Exchange bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manu'ing Co.	do
Red Backs,	1½ dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	2 dis
Mineral bank,	5 dis
Fredericktown,	2 dis
Hagerstown,	3 dis
Westminster,	2 dis
Williamsport,	5 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	11 dis
Franklin bank,	30 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk,	2 dis
Broken banks,	various prices
Balt'e Ohio R. R. notes,	30 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
New Hope D. Bridge,	nom'l
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hoboken bking & G Co.	broke
Washington banking Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufacturing Co.	do
Protection and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of New Brunswick,	do
Mechanics bk Patterson,	do
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
INDIANA.	
Notes,	8 dis

Exchange on New York,	½ a ¼ dis
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ a ¼ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	9 dis
City Relief Notes,	17 dis

FRANKFORD HIGH SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES—The examination will take place on Wednesday, August 31st, at 9 o'clock A. M. and at 2 P. M. The exercises will be varied with music, it being a branch of study. Parents and guardians are invited to attend. Refreshments will be provided for those that favor us with a visit.

The School is delightfully located west of the village, and five miles from the city. Parents are invited to visit the School or by addressing the Rev. Wm. D. Howard, a circular will be sent to them. Terms very low.

aug 27 1t* M. BILL, Principal.

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO the estate of MARY RANDALL, late of the city of Philadelphia, deceased, are requested to make payment to the subscriber, and those having claims upon said estate, to present their accounts duly attested for settlement.

NATHAN SUPLEE, Adm'r
aug 20-3t* Blockley Township, Philada county

ALMANAC. August, 1842.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES			
27 Saturday,	5 26	6 34	6 25				
28 Sunday,	5 27	6 33	7 16	D. H. M.			
29 Monday,	5 28	6 32	8 9				
30 Tuesday,	5 30	6 31	9 5				
31 Wednesday,	5 31	6 29	10 5	New	6	9	[illegible]
1 Thursday,	5 32	6 28	11 6	First	13	12	[illegible]
2 Friday,	5 33	6 27	12 5	Full	20	3	[illegible]
3 Saturday,	5 35	6 25	12 50	Last	28	10	[illegible]

Married,

On the 21st June, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. John Hentrick, to Miss Helen Brewer, all of Kensington.

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. John Perry, Mr. Jacob R. Smith, to Miss Mary J. Garns, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Samuel Chambers, to Miss Margaret Cain, both of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. Charles Williamson, Martin Reed, to Miss Rosa Welsh, both of this city.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, John Beck, to Miss Elizabeth F. Caldwell, daughter of Jonathan Caldwell, all of this city.

On the 23d inst. by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Joe Evans, to Miss Mary Ann Layton, both of Southwark.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Cook, William Snyder, to Miss Eliza Jeffras, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. John Woolson, Mr. Nathaniel McBride, to Miss Martha Keyser, all of this city.

At Southington, Conn. on the 21st June, by the Rev. E. C. Jones, Frederick A. Hart, M. D. to Miss Lucretia B. Lee.

On the 16th instant, by Elder George Field, James Sheppard, to Miss Elizabeth Eckley, both of Southwark.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. W. W. Wiggins, Jacob Smith, of Newport, Pa. to Mary A. Kerwood, daughter of Isaac Kerwood, of Philadelphia county.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Michael Curtis of Kurtz, to Jane Ingram, all of this city.

On the 11th inst. by the Rev. Charles Brown, Mr. Henry Smith, Jr. of Blockley township, to Miss Mary J. Moore, of Spring Garden.

On the 18th inst. by the same, Mr. Jacob Row, to Miss Mary Callaway, all of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D. D. Mr. James Grier, to Miss Sarah A. Rodgers, all of this city.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. John G. Craig, to Miss Ellen F. Bigelow, all of this city.

At Coatesville, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Alex. Morrison, Mr. Solon Fleming, of West Chester, to Eliza J. Fisler, of the former place.

In St. Louis, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. A. Bullard, Charles S. Kurtzing, of Philadelphia, to Mary L. daughter of the late Moses Scott, of this city.

Died,

On the 24th instant, Martha P. wife of Mr. Daniel Fletcher.

In Savannah, on the 19th instant, Mr. Philip N. Tyson, aged 26 years, a native of Easton, Pa.

On the 19th instant, Abigail, son of Franklin and Sarah Lawrence, in the 2d year of his age.

On the 19th inst. Parish William, infant son of Parson W. and Henrietta S. Birmingham, aged 3 months.

Suddenly, on the 20th inst. Daniel Knoodle, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. at an advanced age, Mrs. Leah Phillips, relict of Mr. Levy Phillips, of Philada. and daughter of the late Joseph Simon, Esq. of Lancaster, Pa.

On the 23d instant, Marian Eugene, daughter of Jacob Reakirt, aged 5 years and 7 months.

On the 23d inst. in the 6th year of his age, Philip Hanshell, son of Martha Hansell.

On the 23d inst. in the 4th year of his age, Thos. Quicksall, son of John M. and Mercy C. Bensted.

On the 22d inst. Mr. Isaac Sanford, in the 80th year of his age.

On the 23d inst. Silas Weir, son of Thomas and Mary Stevenson, aged 1 year and 2 months.

On the 19th inst. at his residence in Montgomery county, James Baird, in the 47th year of his age, formerly of this city.

On the 23d inst. Emily S. Price.

On the 23d inst. James Thomas, aged 24 years.

At the residence of Dr. Lamb, in Frankford, on the 21st inst. Elizabeth Farran, only child of Dr. S. S. Finch, of this city.

In West Chester, N. York, on the 9th inst. Capt. James Richmond, an officer of the Revolution, aged 89 years.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Catharine Germon, wife of the late Francis S. Germon, and daughter of the late Henry Meyers, in the 69th year of her age.

On the 20th inst. after a lingering illness, Catharine, daughter of Mr. Peter Dugan.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Sarah Barnett, wife of Thomas Barnett, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 21st instant, after a lingering illness, Frederick Howshill, in the 31st year of his age.

On the 21st inst. Abigail, daughter of Robert W. and Louisa Mingus.

On the 19th inst. Robert Laird, in the 56th year of his age.

On the 20th inst. Mrs. Sarah Davis, in the 82d year of her age.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Eleanor, consort of the late Jacob Walter, deceased, aged 79 years and 8 months.

In N. Haven, Mary Flagg, only child of A. E. Gwynne, Esq. of Cincinnati, Ohio, aged 16 months and 6 days.

On the 17th inst. Jane, widow of the late Jacob Winnemore, aged 87 years.

On Thursday evening, 18th inst. James L. only child of Chas. and Helen S. Dunn, aged 9 months and 18 days.

On the 18th inst. Charles Dunn, in the 36th year of his age.

On Thursday morning, 18th inst. Mr. Dennis M'Brady, in the 53d year of his age.

On the 17th inst. John T. Kneass, son of Hanson A. and Elizabeth W. Kneass, aged 21 months.

At Fort Columbus, New York Harbor, Captain James Green, of the 2d Regiment of U. S. Artillery.

Suddenly, on Tuesday, the 16th inst. near Newton Hamilton, Mifflin county, Pa. Mr. Solomon F. Allen, in the 31st year of his age.

At Savannah, Ga. on the 14th inst. of the prevailing fever, Capt. Wm. Patterson, of Philada. aged 54 years, long and favorably known as a respectable shipmaster of this port.—Requiescat in Pace.

On the 19th inst. Mr. Joseph Gamble, aged 36 years.

On the 19th inst. Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Samuel Irwin, in the 27th year of her age.

On the 17th inst. after a lingering illness, John M'Kelheney, in the 57th year of his age.

On the 17th inst. after a lingering illness, Lydia Ann, daughter of Thos. and Sarah Clark, aged 14 months and 11 days.

On the 16th inst. at the residence of his father, near Milton, Samuel F. Hipler, of this city, aged 20 years.

On the 19th inst. of summer complaint, Susan, daughter of Adam and Elizabeth Walters, aged 16 months and 20 days.

Suddenly, in this city, on the 19th inst. Mr. Burtley T. Burton, only son of Mr. Henry Burton, of Charlestown, S. C. aged 15 years.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Mary Smith, wife of Henry Smith, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 21st inst. Mrs. Sarah Reed, in the 41st year of her age.

On the 22d inst. Mr. John F. Bender, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 7th inst. Josephine Amelia, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Gable, in the 6th year of her age.

On the 21st inst. Martha Ann, infant daughter of Wm. and Ann Butler, aged 9 months.

OBITUARY.

In Boston, on Tuesday morning week, John Sweetser Lillie, Esq. aged 76 years. For thirty years, and until the transfer from the U. S. Bank, Mr. L. was Pension Clerk in the Loan Office, discharging his duties with the same assiduity and fidelity which characterised the performance of his private duties. His youth having been passed in Boston, amid the stirring scenes of the Revolution, Mr. L. ever took an active interest in the welfare of his country; and contributed, as far as in his power, to the establishment of the benefits so dearly purchased by his countrymen. At the time of his death he was Vice President of the Republican Institution, and Vice President of the Massachusetts Charitable Society. In private life his character was unexceptionable, and the serenity with which he regarded the approach of death exemplified the peaceful end of an honest man and a conscientious Christian.

HEALTH OFFICE, AUGUST 20, 1842.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington,
From the 13th to the 20th of August.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Apoplexy,	2	0	Brought over,	27	50
Cancer of the Mouth,	0	1	——Typhus,	3	0
Croup,	0	1	——Typhoid,	0	1
Congestion of Lungs,	0	1	——Puerperal,	1	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	23	——Scarlet,	0	2
Consumption of the Lungs,	10	4	Gangrene,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	3	Inflammation of the Brain,	5	0
Dyspepsia,	1	0	——Lungs,	0	3
Diarrhoea,	0	4	——Stomach and Bowels,	2	2
Dropsy, Abdominal,	1	0	Inflammation of the Bowels,	0	2
——Head,	0	7	——Liver,	1	0
Disease of Brain,	0	1	——Peritoneum,	2	0
——Bowels,	2	0	Marasmus,	0	6
——Liver,	1	0	Measles,	0	1
Drowned,	2	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Dysentery,	2	0	Old Age,	1	0
Debility,	1	3	Palsy,	1	0
Erysipelas,	0	1	Scald,	0	1
Fracture,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
Fever,	1	1	Small Pox,	0	1
——Congestive,	0	1	Still Born,	0	13
——Intermittent,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	11
——Remittent,	1	0			
——Bilious,	1	0			
Carried over,	27	50	Total, 139——	44	95

Of the above there were 11 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 19 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARES, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug. 14.	72	74	78
15.	70	77	80
16.	71	78	80
17.	74	78	80
18.	75	82	85
19.	76	81	84
20.	74	79	82

J. G. AUNER RESPECTFULLY INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has REMOVED his Book-store to the former stand, No. 333 Market street, four doors below 9th street, where he has constantly on hand a general assortment of Books and Stationary on the most reasonable terms, either at wholesale or retail. aug 20-2t

WHEREAS, MY WIFE SUSAN WORTHINGTON, has left my bed and board without any just cause, I do hereby forbid any person or persons harboring or trusting her on my account, for I am determined to pay no debts of her contracting.
aug 13-3t* EDWARD WORTHINGTON, Byberry.

INFIRMARY FOR THE TREATMENT OF SCROFULA and Diseases of the Skin, No. 108 Spruce st. below Seventh, Philadelphia. Physician, O. B. PARTRIDGE, M. D.

References—J. C. Warren, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Boston, Mass. W. Parker, M. D. Professor of Anatomy, &c. Cincinnati, Ohio. Philadelphia, H. Bond, M. D. J. Chapman, M. D. R. Coates, M. D. E. S. Janny, M. D. Office hours 9 o'clock A. M. 1 o'clock, P. M.

*** Persons from a distance wishing medical advice by writing correct descriptions of their case, and enclosing a fee—letters post paid—shall receive prompt attention by advice and prescription. ja 6-eowtf

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets. The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.
nov 1 '38—tf R. & W. WILSON.

Laver's New Novel.

OUR MESS.

Jack Hinton, the Guardsman.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

On the whole, the journey to me was a delightful one, and certainly not the least pleasant portion of my life in Ireland. Endowed—partly with his individual gifts, partly from the nature of his sacred functions—with influence over all the humble ranks in life, the good priest jogged along with the assurance of a hearty welcome wherever he pleased to halt, the only look of disappointment being when he declined some proffered civility, or refused an invitation to delay his journey. The chariot was well known in every town and village, and scarcely was the rumble of its wheels heard coming up the "street," when the population might be seen assembling in little groups and knots, to have a word with "the father"—to get his blessing—to catch his eye, or even obtain a nod from him. He knew every one and every thing, and with a tact which is believed to be the prerogative of royalty, he never miscalled a name, nor mistook an event. Inquiring after them, for soul and body, he entered with real interest into all their hopes and plans, their fears and anticipations, and talked away about pigs, penances, purgatory, and potatoes, in a way that showed his information, on any of those matters, to be of no mean or common order.

By degrees, our way left the more travelled high-road, and took by a mountain track through a wild romantic line of country beside the river Shannon. No villages now presented themselves, and, indeed, but little trace of any habitation whatever; large misshapen mountains, whose granite sides were scarce concealed by the dark fern, the only vegetation that clothed them, rose around and about us. In the valleys, some strips of bog might be seen with little hillocks of newly-cut turf, the only semblance of man's work the eye could rest on. Tillage there was none. A dreary silence, too, reigned throughout. I listened in vain for the bleating of a lamb, or the solitary tinkle of a sheep-bell; but no—save the cawing of the rooks, or the mournful cry of the plover, I could hear nothing. Now and then, it is true, the heavy flapping of a strong wing would point the course of a heron soaring towards the river, but his low flight even spoke of solitude, and showed he feared not man, in his wild and dreary mountains. At intervals we could see the Shannon winding along, far, far down below us, and I could mark the islands in the bay of Scariff, with their ruined churches and one solitary tower; but no sail floated on the surface, nor did an oar break the sluggish current of the stream. It was, indeed, a dreary scene, and somehow my companion's manner seemed colored by its influence, for scarcely had he entered the little valley that led to this mountain track, than he became silent and thoughtful, absorbed in reflection, and when he spoke, either doing so at random, or in a vague and almost incoherent way, that showed his ideas were wandering.

I remarked that, as we stopped at a little forge shortly after day-break, the smith had taken the priest aside and whispered to him a few words, at which he seemed strangely moved; and as they spoke together for some moments in an under tone, I perceived by the man's gesture, as well as by the agitation of the father himself, that something of importance was being told. Without waiting to finish the little repair to the carriage which had caused our halt, he remounted hastily, and, beckoning me to take my place, drove on at a pace that spoke of haste and eagerness. I confess that my curiosity to know the reason was great, but as I could not with propriety ask, nor did my companion seem disposed to give the information, I soon relapsed into a silence unbroken as his own, and we travelled along for some miles without speaking. Now and then the priest would make an effort to relieve the weariness of the way by some remark upon the scenery, or some allusion to the wild grandeur of the pass; but it was plain he spoke only from constraint, and that his mind was occupied on other and very different thoughts. It was now wearing late, and yet no trace of any house or habitation could I see, where to rest for the night. Not wishing, however, to interrupt the current of my friend's thoughts, I maintained my silence, straining my eyes on every side, from the dark mountains that towered above me, to the narrow gloomy valley that lay several hundred feet beneath our track—but all in vain. The stillness was unbroken, and not a roof, not even a smoke-wreath, could be seen far as the view extended.

The road by which we travelled was scarped from the side of a mountain, and for some miles pursued a gradually descending course. On suddenly turning the angle of a rocky wall that skirted us for above a mile, we came in sight of a long reach of the Shannon upon which the sun was now setting in all its golden lustre. The distant shore of Munster, rich in tillage and pasture-land, was lit up, too, with corn-field and green meadow, leafy wood and blue mountain, all glowing in their brightest hue. It was a vivid and a gorgeous picture, and I could have looked on it long with pleasure, when suddenly I felt my arm grasped by a strong finger. I turned round, and the priest, relaxing his hold, pointed down into the dark valley below us, as he said in a low and agitated voice—"You see the light—it is there—there." Quickening our pace by every effort, we began rapidly to descend the mountain by a zig-zag road, whose windings soon lost us the view I have mentioned, and left nothing but the wild and barren mountains around us. Tired as our poor horse was, the priest pressed him forward, and, regardless of the broken and rugged way, he seemed to think of nothing but his haste, muttering between his teeth with a low but rapid articulation, while his face grew flushed and pale at intervals, and his eye had all the lustrous glare and restless look of fever. I endeavored, as well as I was able, to occupy my mind with other thoughts, but with that invincible fascination that turns us ever to the side we try to shun, I found myself again and again gazing on my companion's countenance. Every moment now his agitation increased; his lips were firmly closed; his brow contracted; his cheek flattened, and quivering with a nervous spasm, while his hand trembled violently as he wiped the big drops of sweat that rolled in agony from his forehead.

At last we reached the level, where a better road presented itself before us, and enabled us so to increase our speed that we were rapidly coming up with the light, which, as the evening closed in, seemed larger and brighter than before. It was now that hour when the twilight seems fading into night, a gray sombre darkness coloring every object, but yet marking grass and rock, pathway and river with some seeming of their noonday hues, so that as we came along I could make out the roof and walls of a mud cabin built against the very mountain side, in the gable of which the light was shining. A rapid, a momentary thought flashed across my mind as to what dreary and solitary man could fix his dwelling-place in such a spot as this, when in an instant the priest suddenly pulled up the horse, and, stretching out one hand with a gesture of listening, whispered—"Hark! —did you not hear that?" As he spoke, a cry, wild and fearful, rose through the gloomy valley—at first in one prolonged and swelling note, then broken as if by sobs, it faltered, sunk, and rose again, wilder and madder, till the echoes, catching up the direful sounds, answered and repeated them as though a chorus of unearthly spirits were calling to each other through the air.

"Oh God! too late—too late," said the priest, as he bowed his face upon his knees, and his strong frame shook in agony. "Oh Father of mercy," he cried, as he lifted his eyes, bloodshot and tearful, toward heaven, "forgive me this—and if unshriven before thee——." Another cry, more frantic than before, here burst upon us, and the priest, muttering with rapid utterance, appeared lost in prayer. But at him I looked no longer, for straight before us on the road, and in front of the little cabin, now not above thirty paces from us, knelt the figure of a woman, whom, were it not from the fearful sounds we had heard, one could scarce believe a thing of life: her age not more than thirty years; she was pale as death; not a tinge, not a ray of color streaked her bloodless cheek; her black hair, long and wild, fell upon her back and shoulders, straggling and disordered; her hands were clasped as she held her stiffened arms straight before her. Her dress bespoke the meanest poverty, and her sunk cheek and drawn-in lips betokened famine and starvation. As I gazed on her almost breathless with awe and dread, the priest leaped out, and hurrying forward, called out to her in Irish, but she heard him not, she saw him not;—dead to every sense, she remained still and motionless. No feature trembled, no limb was shaken; she knelt before us like an image of stone; and then, as if by some spell that worked within her, once more gave forth the heart-rending cry we heard at first. Now, low and plaintive, like the sighing night-wind, it rose fuller and fuller, pausing and continuing at intervals, and then breaking into short and fitful efforts, it grew wilder and stronger, till, at last, with one outbreak, like the overflowing of a heart of misery, it ceased abruptly.

The priest bent over her and spoke to her; he called her by her name, and shook her several times, but all in vain. Her spirit, if indeed present with the body, had lost all sympathy with things of earth.

"God help her," said he; "God comfort her. This is sore affliction."

As he spoke he walked towards the little cabin, the door of which now stood open. All was still and silent within its walls. Unused to see the dwellings of the poor in Ireland, my eye ranged over the bare walls, the damp and earthen floor, the few and miserable pieces of furniture; when suddenly my attention was called to another and a sadder spectacle. In one corner of the hovel, stretched upon a bed, whose poverty might have made it unworthy of a dog to lie in, lay the figure of a large and powerfully-built man, stone dead. His eyes were closed, and the chin bound up with a white cloth, and a sheet, torn and ragged, was stretched above his cold limbs, while on either side of him two candles were burning. His features, though rigid and stiffened, were manly, and even handsome; the bold character of the face heightened in effect by his beard and moustache, which appeared to have been let grow for some time previous, and whose black and waving curl looked darker, from the pallor around it. Some lines there were about the mouth that looked like harshness and severity, but the struggle of departing life might have caused them.

Gently withdrawing the sheet that covered him, the priest placed his hand upon his heart. It was evident to me from his manner, that he still believed him living; and as he rolled back the covering he felt for his hand. Suddenly starting, he fell back for an instant, and as he moved his fingers backwards and forwards I saw that they were covered with blood. I drew near, and now perceived that the dead man's chest was laid open by a wound of several inches in extent. The ribs had been cut across, and some portion of the heart or lung seemed to protrude. At the slightest touch of the body the blood gushed forth anew, and ran in streams upon him. His right hand, too, was cut across the entire palm—the thumb nearly severed at the joint. This appeared to have been rudely bound together; but it was evident, from the nature and the size of the other wound, that he could not have survived it many hours.

As I looked in horror at the frightful spectacle before me, my foot struck at something beneath the bed. I stooped down to examine, and found it was a carbine, such as dragoons usually carry. It was broken at the stock and bruised in many places, but still seemed not unserviceable. Part of the butt-end was also stained with blood. The clothes of the dead man, clotted and matted with gore, were also there, adding, by their terrible testimony, to the dreadful fear that haunted me. Yes, every thing confirmed it,—murder and crime had been there. A low, muttering sound near made me turn my head, and I saw the priest kneeling beside the bed, engaged in prayer. His head was bare, and he wore a kind of scarf of blue silk, and the small case that contained the last rites of his church was placed at his feet.

Apparently lost to all around, save the figure of the man that lay dead before him, he muttered, with ceaseless rapidity, prayer after prayer, stopping, ever and anon, to place his head on the cold heart, or to listen, with his ear upon the livid lips; and then resuming, with greater eagerness, while the big drops rolled from his forehead, and the agonizing torture he felt convulsed his entire frame.

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, after a prayer of some minutes, in which his features worked like one in a fit of epilepsy—"Oh God, is it then too late!"

He started to his feet as he spoke, and bending over the corpse, with hands clasped above his head, he poured forth a whole torrent of words in Irish, swaying his body backwards and forwards, as his voice, becoming broken by emotion, now sunk into a whisper, or broke into a discordant shout:—"Shaun, Shaun," cried he, as stooping down to the ground he snatched up the little crucifix and held it before the dead man's face, at the same time he shook him violently by the shoulders, and cried, in accents I can never forget, some words aloud, among which alone I could recognise one word—Thea, the Irish word for God. He shook him till the head rocked heavily from side to side, and the blood oozed from the open wound, and stained the ragged covering of the bed. At this instant the priest stopped suddenly, and fell upon his knees, while, with a low, faint sigh, he who seemed dead lifted his eyes and looked around him, his hands grasped the sides of the bed, and, with a strength that seemed supernatural, he raised himself to the sitting posture. His lips were parted and moved, but without a sound, and his filmy eyes turned slowly in their sockets from one object to another, till, at length, they fell upon the little crucifix that had dropped from the priest's hand upon the bed. In an instant the corpse-like features seemed inspired with life—a gleam of brightness shot from his eyes—the head nodded forward a couple of times, and I thought I heard a discordant, broken sound issue from the open mouth, and, a moment after, the head dropped upon the chest, and the hands relaxed, and he fell back with a crash, never to move more.

Overcome with horror, I staggered to the door, and sank upon a little bench in front of the cabin. The cool air of the night soon brought me to myself, and while, in my confused state, I wondered if the whole might not be some dreadful dream, my eyes once more fell upon the figure of the woman, who still knelt in the attitude we had first seen her. Her hands were clasped before her, and from time to time her wild cry rose into the air, and woke the echoes of that silent valley. A faint moonlight lay in broken patches around her, and mingled its beams with the red glare of the little candles within, as their light fell upon her marble features. From the cabin I could hear the sounds of the priest's voice, as he continued to pray without ceasing. As the hours rolled on nothing changed, and when, prompted by curiosity, I looked within the hovel, I saw the priest still kneeling beside the bed, his face pale, and sunk, and haggard, as though months of sickness and suffering had passed over him.

I dared not speak—I dared not disturb him, and I sat down near the door in silence.

It is one of the strange anomalies of our nature, that the feelings which rend our hearts with agony have a tendency, by their continuance, to lull us into slumber. The watcher by the bed-side of his dying friend—the felon in his cell, but a few hours before death, sleep—and sleep soundly. The bitterness of grief would seem to blunt sensation, and the mind, like the body, can only sustain a certain amount of burden, after which it succumbs and yields; so I found it amid this scene of horror and anguish, with every thing to excite that can operate upon the mind;—the woman stricken motionless and senseless by grief—the dead man as it were recalled to life by the words that were to herald him into life everlasting—the old man, whom I had known but as a gay companion, displayed now before my eyes in all the workings of his feeling heart, called up by the afflictions of one world and the terrors of another; and this in a wild and dreary valley, far from man's dwelling. Yet, amid all this, and more than all, the harrassing conviction that some deed of blood, some dark hour of crime had been here at work, perhaps to be concealed forever, and go unavenged, save of Heaven—and yet, with this around and about me, I slept. How long I know not; but when I woke the mist of morning hung in the valley, or rolled, in masses of cloud-like vapour, along the mountain-side. In an instant, the whole scene of the previous night was before me, and the priest still knelt beside the bed and prayed. I looked for the woman, but she was gone.

The noise of wheels, at some distance, could now be heard on the mountain-road; and as I walked stealthily from the door, I could see three figures descending the pass followed by a car and horse. As they came along, I marked that beneath the straw on the car, something protruded itself on either side, and this, I soon saw, was a coffin. As the men approached the angle of the road they halted, and seemed to converse in an eager and anxious manner, when suddenly one of them broke from the others, and, springing to the top of a low wall that skirted the road, continued to look steadily at the house for some minutes together. The thought flashed on me at the moment, that perhaps my being a stranger to them might have caused their hesitation, so I waved my hat a couple of times above my head. Upon this they resumed their march, and in a few minutes more were standing beside me. One of them, who was an old man, with hard, weather-beaten features, addressed me, first in Irish, but correcting himself, at once asked, in a low, steady voice:—

"Was the priest in time? Did he get the rites?"

I nodded in reply; when he muttered, as if to himself—

"God's will be done. Shaun didn't tell of Hogan——"

"Whisht! father—whisht!" said one of the younger men, as he laid his hand upon the old man's arm; while he added something in Irish, gesticulating with energy as he spoke.

"Is Mary come back, sir?" said the third, as he touched his hat to me respectfully.

"The woman—his wife?" said I; "I have not seen her to-day."

"She was up with us, at Kiltimmon, at two o'clock this morning, but wouldn't wait for us. She wanted to get back at once, poor craytur. She bears it well, and has the stout heart. Faith, maybe before long she'll make some others faint in their hearts, that have stricken hers this night."

"Was she calm, then?" said I.

"As you are this minute; and sure enough she helped me, with her own hands, to put the horse in the car; for, you see, I couldn't lift the shaft with my one arm."

I now saw that his arm was bound up, and buttoned within the bosom of his great coat.

The priest now joined us, and spoke for several minutes in Irish; and, although ignorant of all he said, I could mark, in the tone of his voice, his look, his manner, and his gesture, that his works were those of rebuke and reprobation. The old man heard him in silence, but without any evidence of feeling. The others, on the contrary, seemed deeply affected, and the younger of the two, whose arm was broken, seemed greatly moved, and the tears rolled down his hardy cheeks.

These signs of emotion were evidently displeasing to the old man, whose nature was of a sterner and more cruel mould; and, as he turned away from the father's admonition, he moved past me, muttering, as he went:—

"Isn't it all fair!—blood for blood; and sure they druv him to it."

After a few words from the priest, two of the party took their spades from the car, and began digging the grave; while Father Loftus, leading the other side, talked to him for some time.

"Be gorra," said the old man, as he shovelled the earth to either side, "Father Tom isn't like himself, at all, at all. He used to have pity, and the kind word for the poor, when they were turned out on the world to starve, without as much as a sheaf of straw to lie upon, or potatoes enough for the children to eat."

"Whisht, father, or the priest will hear ye," said the younger one looking cautiously around.

"Sorrow, bit o' me cares; if he does, it's truth I'm telling. You are not long in these parts, sir, av I may make so bowld?"

"No," said I, "I'm quite a stranger."

"Well, anyhow, ye may understand that this isn't a fine soil for a potato-garden; and yet, the devil a other poor Shaun had, since they turned him out on the road last Michaelmas-day, himself, and his wife, and the little gossoon—the only one they had, too—with a fever and ague upon him. The poor child, however, didn't feel it long, for he died ten days after. Well, well! the ways of God there's no saying against. But sure, if the little boy didn't die, Shaun was off to America, for he tuk his passage, and got a sea-chest of a friend, and was all ready to go; but you see, when the child died, he could not bring himself to leave the grave; and there he used to go and spend half of his days fixing it, and settling the sods about it, and wouldn't take a day's work from any of the neighbors; and at last he went off one night, and we never knew what was become of him till a pedlar brought word that he and Mary was living in Claun Beg, away from everybody, without a friend to say, 'God save you!'—It's deep enough, Mickey—there's nobody will turn him out of this. And so, sir, he might have lived for many a year; but when he heard that the boys was up, and going to settle a reckoning with Mr. Tarleton——"

"Come you," cried the priest, who joined us at the moment, and from whose look I could perceive was evidently displeased at the old man's communicativeness—"come you; the sooner you all get back the better. We must look after Mary, too; for God knows where she is wandering. And now let us put the poor boy in the earth."

With slow and sullen steps the old man entered the house, followed by the others. I did not accompany them, but stood beside the grave, my mind full of all I heard. In a few minutes they returned, carrying the coffin, one corner of which was borne by the priest himself. Their heads were bare, and their features were pale and care-worn. They placed the body in the grave, and gazed down after it for some seconds. The priest spoke a few words, in a low, broken voice, the very sounds of which, though their meaning was unknown to me, sunk deep into my heart. He whispered for an instant to one of the young men, who went into the cabin and speedily returned carrying with him some of the clothes of the deceased, and the old carbine that lay beneath the bed.

"Throw them in the grave, Mickey—throw them in," said the priest. "Where's his coat?"

"It isn't there, sir," said the man. "That's every thing that has a mark of blood upon it."

"Give me that gun," cried the priest; and at the same moment he took the carbine by the end of the barrel, and by one stroke of his strong foot snapped it at the breech. "My curse be on you," said he, as he kicked the fragments into the grave; "there was peace and happiness in the land before men knew ye, and owned ye. Ah! Hugh," said he, turning his eyes fiercely on the old man, "I never said ye hadn't griefs and trials, and sore ones, too, some of them; but, God help you, if you think that an easy conscience and a happy home can be bought by murder." The old man started at the words, and as his dark brow lowered, and his lip trembled, I drew near to the priest, fearful lest an attack might be made on him. "Ay, murder, boys—that's the word, and no less. Don't tell me about righting yourselves; and blood for blood, and all that. There's a curse upon the land where those things happen, and the earth is not lucky that is moistened with the blood of God's creatures."

"Cover him up—cover him up!" said the old man, shovelling in the earth, so as to drown the priest's words, "and let us be going. We ought to be back by six o'clock, unless," added he, with a sarcastic bitterness that made him look like a fiend—"unless your reverence is going to set the police on our track."

"God forgive you, Hugh, and turn your heart," said the old man, as he shook his outstretched hands at him. As he spoke these words he took me by the arm, and led me within the house. I could feel his hand tremble as it leaned upon me, and the big tears rolled down his cheeks in silence.

We sat down in the little cabin, but neither of us spoke. After some time we heard the noise of the cart-wheels and the sound of voices, which grew fainter and fainter as they passed up the glen, and, at length, all became still.

"And the poor wife," said I, "what, think you, has become of her?"

"Gone home to her people, most likely," answered the priest. "Her misfortunes will make her a home in every cabin. None so poor, none so wretched as not to succor and shelter her. But let us hence."

We walked forth from the hovel, and the priest, closing the door after him, fastened it with a padlock that he had found within, and then placing the key upon the door-sill, he turned to depart; but, suddenly stopping, he took my hand in both of his, and said, in a voice of touching earnestness:—

"This has been a sad scene. Would to God you had not witnessed it. Would to God, rather, that it might not have occurred. But promise me, on the faith of a man of honor, and the word of a gentleman, that what you have seen this night you reveal to no man, until I have passed away myself, and stand before that judgment to which we all are coming."

"I promise you faithfully," said I. "And now let us leave a spot that has thrown a gloom upon my heart, a life long will never obliterate."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE JOURNEY.

As we issued from the glen the country became more open, patches of cultivation presented themselves, and an air of comfort and condition superior to what we had hitherto seen was observable in the dwellings of the country people. The road led through a broad valley bounded on one side by a chain of lofty mountains, and on the other separated by the Shannon from the swelling hills of Munster. Deeply engaged in our thoughts, we travelled along for some miles without speaking. The scene we had witnessed was of that kind that seemed to forbid our recurrence to it, save in our own gloomy reflections. We had not gone far when the noise of horsemen on the road behind us induced us to turn our heads. They came along at a sharp trot, and we could soon perceive that although the two or three foremost were civilians, they who followed were dragoons. I thought I saw the priest change color as the clank of the accoutrements struck upon his ear. I had, however, but little time for the observation, as the party soon overtook us.

"You are early on the road, gentlemen," said a strong, powerfully-built man, who, mounted upon a gray horse of great bone and action, rode close up beside us.

"Ah, Sir Thomas is it you?" said the priest, affecting at once his former easy and indifferent manner. "I'd rather see the hounds at your back than those of King George there. Is there anything wrong in the country?"

"Let me ask you another question," said the knight in answer. "How long have you been in it, and where did you pass the night, not to hear of what has occurred?"

"Faith, a home question," said the priest, summoning up a hearty laugh to conceal his emotion; "but if the truth must out, we came round by the priory at Glenduff, as my friend here being an Englishman——may I beg to present him to you—Mr. Hinton—Sir Thomas Garland——he heard wonders of the monks' way of living up there, and I wished to let him judge for himself."

"Ah, that accounts for it," said the tall man to himself. "We have had a sad affair of it, Father Tom. Poor Tarleton has been murdered."

"Murdered!" said the priest, with an expression of horror in his countenance I could scarcely believe feigned.

"Yes, murdered. The house was attacked a little after mid-night. The party must have been a large one, for while they forced in the hall-door, the haggard and the stables were seen in a blaze. Poor George had just retired to bed, a little later than usual, for his sons had returned a few hours before from Dublin, where they had been to attend their college examination. The villains, however, knew the house well, and made straight for his room. He was up in an instant, and, seizing a sabre that hung beside his bed, defended himself with the courage of desperation against them all. The scuffle and the noise soon brought his sons to the spot, who, although mere boys, behaved in the most gallant manner. Overpowered at last by numbers, and covered with wounds, they dragged Tarleton down the stairs, shouting out as they went, 'Bring him down to Freney's—let the bloody villain see the black walls and the cold hearth he has made before he dies.' It was their intention to murder him on the spot where, a few weeks before, a distress for rent had been executed against some of the tenants. He grasped the banisters with a despairing clutch, while, fixing his eyes upon his servant who had lived with him for some years past, he called out to him in his agony to save him; but the fellow came deliberately forward and held the flame of a candle beneath the dying man's fingers, until he relaxed his hold and fell back among his murderers. Yes, yes, father Henry Tarleton saw it with his own eyes, for while his brother was stretched senseless on the floor, he was struggling with the others at the head of the staircase: and strange enough too, they never hurt the boys, but when they had wreaked their vengeance on the father, bound them back to back, and left them."

"Can they identify any of them?" said the priest, with intense emotion in his voice and manner.

"Scarcely, I fear; their faces were blackened and they wore shirts over their coats. Henry thinks he could swear to two or three of the number; but our best chance of discovery lies in the fact, that several of them were badly wounded, and one in particular, whom he saw cut down by his father's sabre, was carried down stairs by his comrades bathed in blood."

"He didn't recognise him?" said the priest, eagerly.

"No: but here comes the poor boy, so I'll wish you good-morning."

He put spurs to his horse as he spoke and dashed forward, followed by the dragoons; while at the same moment, on the opposite side of the road, a young man —pale, with his dress disordered, his arm in a sling—rode by. He never turned a look aside; his filmy eye was fixed, as it were, on some far-off object, and he seemed scarce to guide his horse, as he galloped onward over the rugged road.

The priest relaxed his pace to permit the crowd of horsemen to pass on, while his countenance once more assumed its drooping and despondent look, and he relapsed into his former silence.

"You see that high mountain to the left there," said he, after a long pause. "Well, our road lies round the foot of it; and, please God, by to-morrow evening we'll be some five-and-twenty miles on the other side, in the heart of my own wild country, with the big mountains behind you, and the great blue Atlantic rearing its frothing waves at your feet." He stopped for an instant, and then grasping my arm with his strong hand, continued in a low distinct voice:—"Never speak to me nor question me about what we saw last night, and try only to remember it as a dream. And now let me tell you how I intend to amuse you in the far west."

Here the priest began a spirited and interesting description of the scenery and the people—their habits, their superstitions, and their pastimes. Sustaining the interest of his account with legend and story—now grave, now gay; sometimes recalling a trait from the older history of the land; sometimes detailing an incident of the fair or the market, but always by his wonderful knowledge of the peasantry, their modes of thinking and reasoning, and by his imitation of their figurative and forcible expressions, able to carry me with him whether he took the mountain's side for his path—sat beside some cottier's turf-fire—or skimmed along the surface of the summer sea in the frail bark of an Achill fisherman.

I learned from him that in the wild region where he lived, there were above fifteen thousand persons, scarce one of whom could speak or understand a word of English. Of these, he was not only the priest, but the ruler and the judge. Before him all their disputes were settled—all their differences reconciled. His word, in the strongest sense of the phrase, was a law—not, indeed, to be enforced by bayonets and policemen, by constables and sheriffs' officers—but one which in its moral force demanded obedience, and would have made him who resisted it an outcast among his fellows.

"We are poor," said the priest, "but we are happy. Crime is unknown amongst us, and the blood of man has not been shed in strife for fifty years within the barony. When will ye learn this in England? When will ye know that these people may be led, but never driven—that they may be persuaded, but never compelled! When will ye condescend to bend as far the prerogative of your birth, your riches, and your rank, as to reason with the poor and humble peasant that looks up to you for protection? Alas, my young friend, were you to ask me what is the great source of misery of this unhappy land, I should tell you, the superior intelligence of its people. I see a smile, but hear me out. Unlike the peasantry of other countries, they are not content. Their characters are mistaken, their traits misconstrued—partly from indifference, partly from prejudice, and in a great measure because it is the fashion to recognise in the tiller of the soil a mere drudge, with scarce more intelligence than the cattle in his plough, or the oxen in his team; but here you have a people quick, sharp-sighted, and intelligent, able to scan your motives with ten times the accuracy you can guess at theirs; suspicious, because their credulity has been abused; revengeful, because their wild nature knows no other vindicator than their own right arm; lawless, for they look upon your institutions as the sources of their misery and the instruments of your tyranny toward them; reckless, for they have nothing to lose; indolent, for they have nothing to gain. Without an effort to win their confidence or secure their good-will, you overwhelm them with institutions—cumbrous, complicated, and unsuitable; and while you neglect or despise all appeal to their feelings or affections, you place your faith in your soldiery or a special commission. Heaven help you! you may thin them off by the gallows and transportation, but the root of the evil is as far from you as ever. You do not know them—you will not know them: more prone to punish than prevent, you are satisfied with the working of the law, and not shocked with the accumulation of crime; and when broken by poverty and paralyzed by famine, a gloomy desolation spreads over the land, you meet in terms of congratulation to talk over tranquillized Ireland."

In this strain did the good priest continue to develope his views concerning his country; the pivot of his argument being, that to a people so essentially different in every respect, English institutions and English laws were inadequate and unsuitable. Sometimes I could not only follow, but agree with him. At others, I could but dimly perceive his meaning and dissent from the very little I could catch. Enough of this, however. In a biography so flimsy as mine, politics would play but an unseemly part; and even were it otherwise, my opportunities were too few and my own incapacity too great to make my opinion of any value, on a subject so complicated and so vast. Still the topic served to shorten the road, and when towards evening we found ourselves in the comfortable parlor of the little inn at Ballyhooscouth,* so far had we both regained our spirits that once more the priest's jovial good humor irradiated his happy countenance, and I myself, hourly improving in health and strength, felt already the bracing influence of the mountain air, and that strong sense of liberty, never more thoroughly appreciated than when regaining vigor after the sufferings of a sick bed.

We were seated by an open window looking out upon the landscape. It was after sunset, and the tall shadows of the mountains were meeting across the lake, like spirits who waited for the night-hour to interchange their embraces. A thin pale crescent of a new moon marked the blue sky, but did not dim the lustre of the thousand stars that glittered around it. All was hushed and still, save the deep note of the rail, or the measured plash of oars heard from a long distance. The rich meadows that sloped down to the water sent up their delicious odors in the balmy air, and there stole over the senses a kind of calm and peaceful pleasure that such a scene at such an hour can alone impart.

"This is beautiful—this is very beautiful, father," said I.

"So it is, sir," said the priest. "Let no Irishman wander for scenery: he has as much right to go travel in search of wit and good-fellowship. We don't want for blessings. All we need is, to know how to enjoy them. And believe me, there is a plentiful feast on the table if gentlemen would only pass down the dishes. And now, that reminds me—what are you drinking?—negus. I wouldn't wish it to my greatest enemy. But to be sure, I am always forgetting you are not one of ourselves. There, reach me over that square decanter. It wouldn't have been so full now if we had had poor Bob here—poor fellow: but one thing is certain, wherever he is, he is happy. I believe I never told you how he got into his present scrape."

"No, father; and that's precisely the very thing I wish to ask you."

"You shall hear it, and it isn't a bad story in its way: but don't you think the night air is a little too much for you—shall we close the window?"

"If it depend on me, father, pray leave it open."

"Ha, ha, I was forgetting again," said the old fellow, laughing roguishly, "*stellæ sunt amantium oculi*, as Pharis says. There now, don't be blushing, but listen to me.

"It was somewhere about last November that Bob got a quiet hint from some one at Daly's that the sooner he got out of Dublin the more conducive it would be to his personal freedom, as various writs were flying about the capital after him. He took the hint, and set off the same night, and reached his beautiful chateau at Newgate without let or molestation—which having victualled for the winter, he could, if necessary, sustain a reasonable siege against any force the law was likely to bring up. The house had an abundant supply of arms—there were guns that figured in '41, pikes that had done good service a little later, swords of every shape—from the two-handed weapon of the twelfth century to a Roman pattern made out of a scythe by a smith in the neighborhood; but the grand terror of the country was an old four-pounder of Cromwell's time, that the major had mounted on the roof, and whose effects, if only proportionately injurious to the enemy to the results nearer home, must indeed have been a formidable engine; for the only time it was fired—I believe to celebrate Bob's birth-day—it knocked down the chimney with the recoil, blew the gardener and another man about ten feet into the air, and hurled Bob himself through a sky-light into the housekeeper's room. No matter for that, it had a great effect in raising the confidence of the country people, some of whom verily believed that the ball was rolling for a week after.

"Bob, I say, victualled the fortress, but he did more—for he assembled all the tenants, and in a short but pithy speech he told them the state of his affairs, explaining with considerable eloquence what a misfortune it would be for them if by any change they were to lose him for a landlord.

"'See now, boys,' said he, 'there's no knowing what misfortune wouldn't happen ye; they'd put a receiver on the property—a spalpeen with bailiffs and constables after him—that would be making you pay up the rent—and faith I wouldn't say but maybe he'd ask me for the arrears.'

"'Oh, murther, murther! did any one ever hear the like!' the people cried on every side, and Bob, like a clever orator, continued to picture forth additional miseries and misfortunes to them, if such a calamitous event were to happen, explaining at the same time the contemptible nature of the persecution practised against him.

"'No boys,' cried he, 'there isn't a man among them all that has the courage to come down and ask for his money, face to face, but they set up a pair of fellows they call John Doe and Richard Roe—there's names for you. Did you ever hear of a gentleman in the country with names like that? but that's not the worst of it: you see even these two chaps can't be found. It's truth I'm telling you, and some people go so far as to say that there is no such people at all, and it's only a way they have to worry and annoy country gentleman with what they call a fiction of the law; and my own notion is, that the law is nothing but lies and fiction from beginning to end.'

"A very loud cheer from Bob's audience proclaimed how perfectly they coincided in his opinion; and a keg of whisky being brought into the lawn, each man drained a glass to his health, uttering at the same time a determination with respect to the law officers of the crown, that boded but little happiness to them when they made a tour in the neighborhood.

"In about a week after this there was a grand drawing room; that's, you understand, what we call in Ireland, bringing in the harvest; and sure enough, the farm-yard presented a very comely sight, with ricks of hay, and stacks of corn, and oats, and barley, and out-houses full of potatoes, and in fact every thing the country produces, besides cows and horses, sheep, pigs, goats, and even turkeys, for most of the tenants paid their rents in kind, and as Bob was an easy landlord, a very few came without a little present—a game-cock, a jack-ass, a ram, or some amusing beast or other. Well, the next day—it was a fine dry day with a light frost, and as the bog was hard, Bob sent them all away to bring in the turf. Why, then, but it is a beautiful sight, captain, and I wish you saw it; maybe two or three hundred cars all going as fast as they can pelt, on a fine bright day with a blue sky and a sharp air, the boys standing up in the kishes driving without rein or halter—always at a gallop—for all the world like Ajax, Ulysses, and the rest of them that we read of; and the girls, as pretty craytures as ever you threw an eye upon; with their short red petticoats, and their hair plaited and fastened up at the back of their heads: on my conscience, the Trojan women was nothing to them. But to come back. Bob Mahon was coming home from the bog about five o'clock in the evening, cantering along on a little dun pony he had, thinking of nothing at all, except, maybe, the elegant rick of turf that he'd be bringing home in the morning, when what did he see before him but a troop of dragoons, and at their head old Basset, the sub-sheriff, and another fellow whose face he had often seen in the Four-courts of Dublin. 'By the martial,' said Bob, 'I am done for;' for he saw in a moment that Basset had waited until all the country people were employed at a distance to come over and take him. However, he was no ways discouraged, but brushing his way through the dragoons, he rode up beside Basset's gig, and taking a long pistol out of the holster, he began to examine the priming as cool as may be.

"'How are you, Nick Basset?' said Bob; 'and where are you going this evening?'

"'How are you, major?' said Basset, with his eye all the while upon the pistol. 'It is an unpleasant business—a mighty unpleasant business to me, Major Bob,' says he, 'but the truth is, there is an execution against you, and my friend here, Mr. Hennessy——Mr. Hennessy—Major Mahon——asked me to come over with him, because as I knew you——'

"'Well, well,' said Bob, interrupting him. 'Have you a writ against me—is it me you want?'

"'Nothing of the kind, Major Mahon. God forbid we'd touch a hair of your head. It's just a kind of caption, as I may say, nothing more.'

"'And why did you bring the dragoons with you?' said Bob, looking at him mighty hard.

"Basset looked very sheepish, and didn't know what to say, but Mahon soon relieved him—

"'Never mind, Nick, never mind, you can't help your trade; but how would ye look if I was to raise the country on ye?'

"'You wouldn't do the like, major—but surely, if you did, the troops——'

"'The troops!' said Bob; 'God help you! we'd be twenty—ay, thirty to one. See now, if I give a whistle, this minute——'

"'Don't distress yourself, major,' said Basset, 'for the decent people are a good six miles off at the bog, and couldn't hear you if you whistled ever so loud.'

"The moment he said this Bob saw that the old rogue was up to him, and he began to wonder within himself what was the best to be done.

"'See now, Nick,' said he, 'it isn't like a friend to bring up all these red coats here upon me, before my tenantry, disgracing me in the face of my people. Send them back to the town, and go up yourself with Mr. Hennessy there, and do whatever you have to do.'

"'No, no,' screamed Hennessy, 'I'll never part with the soldiers.'

"'Very well,' said Bob, 'take your own way, and see what will come of it.'

"He put spurs to his pony as he said this, and was just striking into the gallop, when Nick called out—

"'Wait a bit, major, wait a bit. If we leave the dragoons where we are now, will you give us your word of honor not to hurt or molest us in the discharge of our duty, nor let any one else do so?'

"'I will,' said Bob, 'now that you talk reasonably, I'll treat you well.'

"After a little parley it was settled that part of the dragoons were to wait on the road, and the rest of them in the lawn before the house, while Nick and his friend were to go through the ceremony of seizing Bob's effects, and make an inventory of every thing they could find.

"'A mere matter of form, Major Mahon,' said he, 'we'll make it as short as possible, and leave a couple of men in possession; and so I know the affair will be arranged in a few days———'

"'Of course,' says Bob, laughing; 'nothing easier. So come along now, and let me show you the way.'

"When they reached the house Bob ordered up dinner at once, and behaved as politely as possible, telling them it was early and they would have plenty of time for every thing in the evening. But whether it was that they had no appetite just then, or that they were not over easy in their minds about Bob himself, they declined every thing, and began to set about their work. To it they went with pen and ink, putting down all the chairs and tables, the cracked china, and the fire-irons, and at last Bob left them counting over about twenty pairs of old top-boots that stood along the wall of his dressing-room.

"'Ned,' said Bob to his own man, 'get two big padlocks and put them on the door of the hay-loft as fast as you can.'

"'Sure it is empty, sir,' said Ned; 'barrin' the rats, there's nothing in it.'

"'Don't I know that as well as you?' said Bob; 'but can't you do as you are bid? and when you've done it, take the pony and gallop over to the bog, and tell the people to throw the turf out of their carts and gallop up here as fast as they can.'

"He'd scarcely said it when Nick called out, 'Now, major, for the farm-yard if you please.' And so taking Hennessy's arm, he walked out, followed by the two big bailiffs, that never left them for a moment. To be sure it was a great sight when they got outside and saw all the ricks and stacks as thick as they could stand; and so they began counting and putting them down on paper, and the devil a thing they forgot, not even the hens and the bantams, and at last Nick fixed his eye upon the little door into the loft, upon which now two great big padlocks were hanging.

"'I suppose it's oats you have up there, major?' said he.

"'No, indeed,' said Bob, looking a little confused.

"'Maybe seed-potatoes?' said Hennessy.

"'Nor it neither,' said he.

"'Barley, it's likely?' cried Nick; 'it is a fine dry loft.'

"'No,' said Bob, 'it is empty.'

"And with that he endeavored to turn them away and get them back into the house; but old Basset turned back, and fixing his eye upon the door, shook his head for a couple of minutes.

"'Well,' said he, 'for an empty loft it has the finest pair of padlocks I ever looked at. Would there by any objection, major, to our taking a peep into it?'

"'None,' said Bob; 'but I haven't a ladder that long in the place.'

"'I think this might reach,' said Hennessy, as he touched one with his foot that lay close along the wall, partly covered with straw.

"'Just the thing,' said Nick; while poor Bob hung down his head and said nothing. With that they raised the ladder and placed it against the door.

"'Might I trouble you for the key, Major Mahon?' said Hennessy.

"'I believe it is mislaid,' said Bob, in a kind of sulky way, at which they both grinned at each other, as much as to say, 'We have him now.'

"'You'll not take it amiss then, major, if we break the door?' said Nick.

"'You may break it, and be hanged,' said Bob, as he stuck his hands into his pockets and walked away.

"'This will do,' cried one of the bailiffs, taking up a big stone as he mounted the ladder, followed by Nick, Hennessy, and the other.

"It took some time to smash the locks, for they were both strong ones, and all the while Nick and his friend were talking together in great glee, but poor Bob stood by himself against a hay-rick, looking as melancholy as might be. At last the locks gave way and down went the door with a bang. The bailiffs stepped in, and then Nick and the others followed. It took them a couple of minutes to satisfy themselves that the loft was quite empty, but when they came back again to the door what was their surprise to discover that Bob was carrying away the ladder upon his shoulders to a distant part of the yard.

"'Hollo, major,' cried Basset, 'don't forget us up here.'

"'Devil a fear of that,' said Bob, 'few that know you ever forget you.'

"'We are quite satisfied, sir,' said Hennessy, 'what you said was perfectly correct.'

"'And why didn't you believe it before, Mr. Hennessy? You see what you have brought upon yourself.'

"'You are not going to leave us up here, sir,' cried Hennessy: 'will you venture upon false imprisonment?'

"'I'd venture on more than that, if it were needful; but see now, when you get back don't be pretending that I didn't offer to treat you well—little as you deserved it. I asked you to dinner, and would have given you your skin full of wine afterwards, but you preferred your own dirty calling, and so take the consequence.'

"While he was speaking a great cheer was heard, and all the country people came galloping into the yard with their turf cars.

"'Be alive now, my boys,' cried Bob. 'How many cars have you?'

"'Seventy, sir, here, but there is more coming.'

"'That'll do,' said he; 'so now set to work and carry away all the oats, and the wheat, the hay, barley, and potatoes; let some of you take the calves and the pigs, and drive the bullocks over the mountain to Mr. Bodkin's; don't leave a turkey behind you, boys, and make haste, for these gentlemen have so many engagements I can scarcely prevail on them to pass more than a day or two amongst us.'

"Bob pointed as he spoke to the four figures that stood trembling at the hay loft-door. A loud cheer, and a roar of laughter to the full as loud, answered his speech; and at the same moment to it they went, loading their cars with the harvest or live stock as fast as they could; to be sure, such a scene was never witnessed—the cows bleating, pigs grunting, fowls cackling, men and women all running here and there, laughing like mad, and Nick Basset himself swearing like a trooper the whole time that he'd have them all hanged at the next assizes. Would you believe, the harvest it took nearly three weeks to bring home was carried away that night, and scattered all over the country at different farms where it never could be traced, all the cattle too were taken away, and before sunrise there wasn't as much as a sheep or a lamb left to bleat on the lawn.

"The next day Bob set out on a visit to a friend at some distance, leaving directions with his people to liberate the gentlemen in the hay-loft in the course of the afternoon. The story made a great noise in the country, but before people were tired laughing at it an action was entered against Bob for false imprisonment, and heavy damages awarded against him: so that you may see there was a kind of poetic justice in the manner of capture, for after all it was only trick for trick."

The worthy priest now paused to mix another tumbler, which, when he had stirred and tasted and stirred again, he pushed gently before him on the table, and seemed lost in revery.

"Yes," said he half aloud, "it is a droll country we live in, and there's not one of us doesn't waste more ingenuity and display more cunning in getting rid of his fortune than the cleverest fellows elsewhere evince in accumulating theirs. But you are looking a little pale, I think: these late hours won't suit you, so I'll just send you to bed."

I felt the whole force of my kind friend's advice, and yielding obedience at once, I shook him by the hand and wished him good-night.

* Anglice—Town of the Fight of Finis

From the Journals.

THE POETS' CORNER.

FROM THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, FOR JULY.

The public have reason to be grateful for the exertions of the society formed for throwing open the public monuments, that the charges for admission have been greatly reduced; we trust the time will come when the impolicy and bad taste will be felt of allowing any charge, however small, to be exacted for admission to this great national edifice. A sum of threepence now admits to the nave and north transept, and a further sum of threepence to the southern ambulatory and the chapel.

At Poet's Corner the public are to enter free at all times, and the author quotes with admiration, a passage from the "British and Foreign Review" of the feelings which a first entrance to the Abbey at this spot are calculated to awaken:—

"'And does not this preternatural loftiness and lengthiness, this infinitude of lines drawn up into one, these pinnacles and spires, all pointing heavenward, signify and body forth some strange overpowering feeling which existed in the hearts and minds of those who made them? Through a low door, scarce higher than our human six-foot stature, we find entrance into an enormous hollow cross, remote from the common light of day; within which, all things seem to have a different kind of existence from our ordinary world, and to be actuated by an attraction opposite to the common, everything flowing upwards, and the slightest forms bearing up the whole, while over multitudes of parts, innumerable as all the hosts of angels in heaven, one solemn monotony presides. What, then, is the effect of the whole? This: that our little selves are annihilated in the immensity of awe and reverence! and we learn—

'Adorar' debitamente Dio.'

Coleridge, too, some years before 1838, had said, in a lecture delivered at Bristol,—'On entering a cathedral, I am filled with devotion and awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite: earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity; and the only sensible impression left is, that I am nothing.' Though you enter Poets' Corner daily, its mystic grandeur seems always to grow. At all points, the endless perspective fines lead into mysterious gloom where the eye cannot trace their termination, and imagination pictures what is beyond. Perhaps in no Gothic building is this characteristic better illustrated than at this corner of the Abbey. The much-praised view in the nave, with its reiteration of arches and columns, is certainly imposing. But *we see the end of it*, and it wants that symbolical mysticism and infinitude which prevailed at Poets' Corner."

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

It was in the year 1506, that Francis Xavier, the youngest child of a numerous family, was born in the castle of his ancestors in the Pyrenees. Robust and active, of a gay humor and ardent spirit, the young mountaineer listened with a throbbing heart to the military legends of his House, and to the inward voice which spoke of days to come, when his illustrious lineage should derive new splendor from his own achievements. But the hearts of his parents yearned over the son of their old age; and the enthusiasm which would have borne him to the pursuit of glory in the camp, was diverted by their counsels to the less hazardous contest for literary eminence at the university of Paris. From the embrace of Aristotle and his commentators, he would, however, have been prematurely withdrawn by the failure of his resources, (for the Lords of Xavier were not wealthy,) if a domestic prophetess (his elder sister) had not been inspired to reveal his marvellous career and immortal recompense.

For a child destined to have altars raised to his name throughout the Catholic Church, and masses chanted in his honor till time should be no longer, every sacrifice was wisely made; and he was thus enabled to struggle on at the College of St. Barbara, till he had become qualified to earn his own maintainance as a public teacher of Philosophy. His Chair was crowded by the studious, and his society courted by the gay, the noble, and the rich. It was courted, also, by one who stood aloof from the thronging multitude; among them, but not of them. Sordid in dress but of lofty bearing, at once unimpassioned and intensely earnest, abstemious of speech, yet occasionally uttering, in deep and melodious tones, words of strange significance, Ignatius Loyola was gradually working over the mind of his young companion a spell which no difference of taste, of habits, or of age, was of power to subdue. Potent as it was, the charm was long resisted. Hilarity was the native and indispensable element of Francis Xavier, and in his grave monitor he found an exhaustless topic of mirth and raillery.

Armed with satire, which was not always playful, the light heart of youth contended, as best it might, against the solemn impressions which he could neither welcome nor avoid. Whether he partook of the frivolities in which he delighted, or in the disquisitions in which he excelled, or traced the windings of the Seine through the forest which then lined its banks, Ignatius was still at hand to discuss with him the chorus of society, of learning, or of nature—but, whatever had been the theme, it was still closed by the same awful inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The world which Xavier had sought to gain, was indeed already exhibiting to him its accustomed treachery. It had given him amusement and applause; but with his self-government had stolen from him his pupils and his emoluments. Ignatius recruited both. He became the eulogist of the genius and the eloquence of his friend, and as he presented to him the scholars attracted by these panegyrics, would repeat them in the presence of the delighted teacher; and then, as his kindling eye attested the sense of conscious and acknowledged merit, would check the rising exultation by the ever-recurring question "What shall it profit?" Improvidence squandered these new resources; but nothing could damp the zeal of Ignatius.

There he was again, though himself the poorest of the poor, ministering to the wants of Xavier, from a purse filled by the alms he had solicited; but there again was also the same unvarying demand, urged in the same rich though solemn cadence, "What shall it profit?" In the unrelaxing grasp of the strong man—at once forgiven and assisted, rebuked and beloved by his stern associate—Xavier gradually yielded to the fascination. He became, like his master, impassive, at least in appearance, to all sublunary pains and pleasures; and having performed the initiatory rite of the Spiritual Exercises, excelled all his brethren of the society of Jesus in the fervour of his devotion and the austerity of his self-discipline.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

FROM THE BOSTON CIRCULAR.

The author of the life of Canova, has written an eloquent essay on the subject of portrait painting, which he considers to be neither inferior nor opposed to history. A portrait, he says, admirable as a work of genius, exhibits the same excellences, and those produced by the observance of the same principles, as a piece of history. After all, he asks, what is historical painting? Is it not portraiture? and are not its merits in proportion to the fidelity of the delineation in the manners, the characters, the general spirit of the times to which it belongs? Does fancy claim the subject? still the constituents are portraits of nature, and the whole is combined by the laws of this very imitation. Here, indeed, in the composition and arrangement of his materials, the historical painter exerts a greater latitude of creative power. This, however, arises from the greater variety, not the superior excellence, of materials or of his principles. Grace more frequently bounds the simple composition of the portrait. Both, however, are essentially the same art—the art of representing nature; and each attains this, its scope and aim, as this imitation is accomplished. And it is more immediate intercourse with this, the sole and primitive source of all beauty and truth, which renders the science of portrait painting the most valuable corrective of all conventional art—the best preparative for the loftiest exercises of imagination. This the whole history of art evinces. The only approaches to nature, in the arts of Egypt, are to be found in the colossal heads—as that of Memnon—which there is every reason to believe were portraits.

In Greece, their theory of the ideal, and their canons of proportion, were deduced from the study of individual nature, as in portraits. Sculpture, in fact, began to advance with ease and certainty only after the introduction of Iconic statues, or portraits. The Roman school attained originality, and came in contact with truth and beauty, only in portraits. In modern times, with the exception of Michael Angelo, the best portrait have been the best historical painters. Raphael's Transfiguration belongs not more to the grand style of art, than his portrait of Julius. In the schools, now, of France and Italy, we find every thing which theory and the antique can give—fine drawing, correct proportion—but that which portrait could give, feeling and the graces of natural expression, are wanting. In the English school there is feeling—there is truth—character—all the inexpressible charms of nature. Let patrons do the rest, and we shall have historical paintings, like our portraits, superior to every thing in living art.

From New Works.

WINE MAKING.

We borrow the following passage from the lectures on *industrial chemistry* by Mr. Payen, at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*:—

The most general acceptation of the word is taken as meaning every fermented liquid produced by a bay-berry or any fruit, and used as a beverage. In the particular sense exclusively used here, wine is the juice of the vine's fruit.

It is difficult, says Chapeal, to state the period when man began to make wine. This precious discovery would seem to go back to the highest antiquity. The origin of wine has its fables, as well as that of all the objects which have become of general utility. Historians concur in considering Noah as the first who made wine in Illyria; Saturn, in Crete; Bacchus, in India, Osyris, in Egypt, and King Gerion, in Spain. The poet loves to think that after the flood the Creator vouchsafed wine to man to solace his miseries. The very etymology of the word wine has given rise to different explanations.

Yet, not only do the first writers bear witness to the art of making being known to them, but their writings prove that they already knew how to judge of its qualities, properties, and the ways of preparing it. The gods of fable are treated to nectar and ambrosia. Pliny describes two qualities of the Alba wine—the one mild, the other sharp. The famous Falerno was also of two sorts. The ancients were acquainted with sparkling wines. The Romans derive their best wines from Campania, in the kingdom of Naples.

The Falerno and Massic were the production of vineyards situated on the hills all round Mondrasson; the wines of Amiela and Fondi were gathered near Gaeta; the Suessa grapes grew near the sea. But, notwithstanding the great variety of wines which Italy produced, the luxurious Romans soon sought for those of Asia, and it was not long before the precious wines of Chio, Lisbos, Ephesus, Cos, and Clazomenes appeared on their tables.

There are a large number of varieties of wines differing from one another by their color, *bouquet* or perfume, or aroma, their savor and strength. But wines are usually classified in two very distinct orders: firstly, the vins secs and the vins sucrés or vins de liqueurs; the vins mousseux are artificial wines, upon which we shall dwell hereafter. In the trade, wines are distinguished by the name of the country, and *clos de vigne* that produce them.

The vins de liqueurs, or vins sucres, reaped under a higher temperature, when the fruit is half dried up, contain less water, more sugar, and yield a more decided perfume; they present a thickness almost sirupy, and a sweetness which renders them rather a *liqueur d'agrément* than a beverage of great consumption.

The *vins secs* are more *dépouillés* and more limped; the sugary matter does not predominate in them; the savor is slightly astringent; the *bouquet* lighter, and in general finer, is of all the perfections of wine the most *recherché* by connoisseurs. In the color, the red which departs from the violet tints to approach the *grenat*, and as it grows old, rather yellowish shade, called *paillée*, is the most perfect.

In white wine, an absence of color is as it were wished for, though the excellent liquids of that kind are of a very decided yellow. Arbois, for instance, is often called a yellow wine. *Vin rosé* presents a light and pretty tint, which is artificially given, and without any detriment, with elder berries.

The *bouquet*, or aroma, is the effect of a cause hitherto but little known; it is attributed to an odorous essential or ethereal oil contained by the liquid, and which is volatised under a temperature somewhat high. Hitherto the *bouquet* of wine had escaped the investigation of chemists; Messrs. Liebig and Pelouze have, at length, isolated this oil, and denominated it *ether œnanthique*. This oil, the proportion of which always is extremely small, appears to form during the fermentation and the labor that follows it.

Many wines, whose *bouquet* is delicious and delicate, such as *Bordeaux fins*, are often very badly judged of, because they are tasted when coming from too fresh a cellar. When the liquor is worth it, it must be attentively studied in that respect, for certain wines experience a sort of remarkable transformation after they have been a quarter of an hour in the glass. With regard to the *bouquet* artificially imparted by the means of odorous substances, it constitutes an adulteration in a commercial point of view; but it dwindles into a very harmless puerility when it does not exceed the personal consumption of the producer. Our forefathers saturated their wines with rosemary and sage, and would have them strongly spiced.

THE MINT AND ITS OPERATIONS.

The new edifice upon Tower Hill was completed about 1811, at an expense of about a quarter of a million of money. This immense sum, however, included Boulton's expensive machinery. In the present process of coining, the ingots are first melted in pots, when the alloy, of copper, is added (to gold, one part in twelve; to silver, eighteen pennyweights to a pound weight), and the mixed metal cast into small bars. And now begin the operations of the stupendous machinery, which is unequalled in the mint of any other country, and is in every way a triumph of mechanical skill. The bars, in a heated state, are first passed through the breaking-down rollers, which, by their tremendous crushing power, reduce them to only one-third their former thickness, and increase them proportionably in their length. They are now passed through the cold rollers, which bring them nearly to the thickness of the coin required, when the last operation of this nature is performed by the draw-bench—a machine peculiar to our mint, and which secures an extraordinary degree of accuracy and uniformity in the surface of the metal, and leaves it of the exact thickness desired. The cutting-out machines now begin their work. There are twelve of these engines in the elegant room set apart for them, all mounted on the same basement, and forming a circle range. Here the bars or strips are cut into pieces of the proper shape and weight for the coining-press, and then taken to the sizing-room to be separately weighed, as well as sounded on a circular piece of iron, to detect any flaws. The protecting rim is next raised in the marking-room, and the pieces after blanching and annealing are ready for stamping. The coining-room is a magnificent looking place, with its columns, and its great iron beams, and the presses ranging along the solid stone basement. There are eight presses, each of them making, when required, sixty or seventy (or even more) strokes a minute; and as at each stroke a blank is made a perfect coin—that is to say, stamped on both sides, and milled at the edge—each press will coin between four and five thousand pieces within the hour, or the whole eight between thirty and forty thousand. And to accompany these mighty results the attention of one little boy alone is required, who stands in a sunken place before the press, supplying it with blanks.—*Knight's London.*

Literary Varieties.

PORTRAIT OF LUTHER.

People in France have conceived a totally false idea both of the German reformation and of the principal person that accomplished it. The chief cause of this misapprehension is, that *Luther* was not only the greatest man, but the most thoroughly German one, that has ever appeared in our annals; that his character united in perfection all the virtues and all the faults of the Germans—and that he is the living symbol of all the German *Marvellous*. He had, in fact, qualities which are so rarely conjoined, that we commonly consider them as incompatible with each other. He was at once a mystical dreamer and a man of action. His thoughts had not only wings but hands. He spoke and (rare occurrence!) he *did* too: he was both the tongue and the sword of his age. Luther was, at the same time, a cold scholastic, a splitter of words, and an inspired prophet, intoxicated with the influence of the Divinity. After having passed the day painfully in wearing out his mind with dogmatical discussions, when evening came he would take his lute, and gazing on the stars, surrender himself to ecstatic musings of piety, and dissolve his soul in melody. The same man who could throttle his antagonists with the coarseness of a fishwoman, could also modulate himself to a tone of language soft and sweet as that of an amorous virgin. Full of the sacred terrors of the Lord, ready for all sacrifices to the Spirit, he could lift himself to the purest realms of heavenly contemplation; and yet he was perfectly acquainted with the magnificences of this earth, and appreciated them honestly, and from his mouth fell that famous proverb,

> Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber, und Gesang,
> Der bleibt ein Narr sein Lebenlang.—*i. e.*
> Who loves not women, wine, and song,
> Will be a fool his lifetime long.

In short, he was a *complete man*. To call him a *spiritualist* would be as absurd as to give him the title of a sensualist. What shall I say? there was something about him fresh, original, miraculous, inconceivable—that which all the *Providential men* have, a certain terrible simplicity, a rude and uncouth wisdom: he was sublime and narrow minded. Little does it become us to complain of the narrowness of his views. The dwarf mounted on the giant's shoulders, may, no doubt, see farther than him, *especially if he wears spectacles—but with our high position we miss the lofty sentiment—the giant's heart which we cannot make our own.* Still less does it become us to speak harshly of his faults: they have been more useful to us than the virtues of thousands of others. The delicacy of Erasmus and the mildness of Melancthon would never have given us such an impulse as we owe to the brutality of Brother Martin.—*Heine.*

Sully always regretted the appointment of Marie de Medicis to the regency of France. He gives the following picture of the palace after the death of Henry the Great:—"Let us take a view, then, of this new world, as it was constituted after the first three days succeeding the assassination of my beloved master. The Louvre, if we judge from outward appearances, might have been thought still to have mourned; all the refinements of melancholy pomp were to be found there; the hangings with which the walls were covered, the furniture, and all the paraphernalia of public mourning made the place look as if it had been stricken by death and sorrow. But if we were to look a little farther, and consider the countenances of those who did the honors of the sad ceremonies, their grief might appear a little doubtful, for if some of them shed real tears, and heaved sighs from the heart, there were others who gave indications of very different emotions. But if we descended from the rooms devoted to state mourning, and visited the lower range of chambers on the ground-floor, we might there form a true notion of the disposition all hearts were in; that magnificence banished from every other part of her palace found an asylum there; gold, purple, embroidery, and the most sumptuous ornaments made this a scene of pleasure and delight; luxury was there in the greatest profusion. Myself and a small number of Frenchmen never entered these apartments without feeling our hearts torn with grief; for bursts of laughter and songs of gladness were heard to proceed from these apartments, where all ought to have been sorrow and silence."

Female Writers.—If it be a sin, we plead guilty of loving female writers, says a fashionable critic, though we are sometimes disposed to account it a virtue. We do not consider it exactly fair to judge of them by the same rigid rules which may be applied to the lucubration of those who are ironically termed their lords and masters. With the exception of one or two old stagers, for whom we own no compassion, ladies have many difficulties to contend with in coming before the public, of which male creatures may easily get the better. Restricted as the former are to a much inferior knowledge of life and of the world, the choice of subjects is much more limited, their style and expressions must be more guarded, and their delineations of the more hidden passions of human nature, must, in many instances, be much more feeble and imperfect. Female talent, therefore, with a few brilliant exceptions, ought always be spoken of comparatively, in reference to itself, and not to that of man.

Opie.—The principles of Sir Joshua Reynolds were carried to their fullest extent by his cotemporary and pupil, Opie—carried so far indeed, as to border on coarseness. Opie was a painter of eminent genius, but not always equal. His first portrait is said to have been painted by stealth, in moments snatched from the menial occupation of carrying offals to the house-dog of his master. Such was his employment, as house-boy, in the family of Walcot; the portrait being that of the butcher, and which there is reason to believe was painted in the shambles. No where, in the history of mind, do we find such amazing instances of the power of talent over circumstances, as in art. From painting likenesses at seven and sixpence in Truro, "the Cornish boy" went to London with thirty guineas in his pocket, and with hardly any instructions, save advice from Sir Joshua, made his way to fame and fortune.

Since we have spoken of witches, asked Lord Byron, what do you think of the witch of Endor? The poet thought it the finest and most finished witch-scene that ever was written or conceived. You will be of my opinion, he says, if you consider all the circumstances and actors in the case, together with the gravity, simplicity, and dignity of the language. It beats all the ghost scenes I ever read. The finest conception on a single subject is that of Goethe's Devil, Mephistopheles; and though, of course, you will give the priority to the former, as being inspired, yet the latter, if you know it, will appear to you—at least it does to me—one of the finest, and most sublime specimens of human conception.

Party.—There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal, says one who well knew the world, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent. A bee is not a busier thing than a blockhead. Such instruments, however, are necessary to politicians. It is with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weights hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts:—

> As clocks to weights their nimble motion owe,
> The wheels above, urged by the load below

I have sometimes thought, says Coleridge, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral writers keep vice at a stand, or so much to retard its progress, they do as much as human nature admits. A real reformation is not brought about by ordinary means; it requires those extraordinary means which becomes punishments as well as lessons. National corruption must be purged by national calamities.

Harton lent Milton fifty pounds, soon after the restoration, which the bard returned him with honor, though not without much difficulty, as his circumstances were very low. The creditor would have declined; but the pride of the poet was equal to his genius, and he sent the money with an angry letter, which was found among the curious possessions of that venerable old man.

I am rich enough, says Pope to Swift, and can afford to give away 100 pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I shall be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

The Olio.

Gin and Bitters.—"What do you take now, since teetotalism is becoming so general?" said one old crony to another, yesterday.

"Nothing stronger than gin and bitters," replied the other.

"Why I should like to know, where you buy your gin and bitters?" asked the first.

"Oh," said the other very coolly, "as for the matter of that, I obtain them on advantageous terms. I buy the gin in the tavern at first cost and my wife furnishes the *bitters* gratis."

An Ultra-Fashionable Tailor.—The Mound City says—"There is a fashionable tailor in the city of St. Louis who has on his sign an inscription which would indicate that the mark of education was still onward—hear him:—'Microcosm's habiliments, fashionably fabricated, invisibly renovated, metamorphosed and depurated by Phelax Grindy, Cosmopolitan.'" He can shine.

The Rochester Republican tells of a man who came to market to dispose of his cattle, which naturally led to conversation on the very common theme of "hard times." "Yes," said the cattle dealer, with an air of peevishness, "times are hard, and this is a hard world—and, in my opinion, very few will *get out of it alive!*"

"How do you contrive to raise your rent?" said a lazy tavern lounger to an industrious, thriving farmer.

"Why, sir," said the latter, "I put my plough into the ground, and after it is well broken up, I drop in seed, and thus I raise potatoes, wheat, corn, cabbages, parsnips, and—the *rent*."

"How can you, my dear, prefer punch to wine?" "Because, my dear, 'tis so like matrimony—such a charming compound of opposite qualities." "Aye, my lord, I am the *weak* part, I suppose?" No, my love, you are the *sweet* with a dish of the *acid*, and no small portion of the *spirit*.

A fortune hunter being in a ball room at Bath, heard a gentleman giving an account of the death of a rich old widow thus, "Died yesterday, in her eighty-ninth year," said the narrator. "What a pity!" exclaimed the fortune hunter: "What a fine match she would have been two days ago!"

A man who was apparently more of a wit than a madman, but who notwithstanding was confined to a mad house, being asked how he came there, answered: Merely a dispute of words; I said that all men were mad, and all men said that I was mad, and the *majority carried the point*.

Those who drink spirits for sickness have this advantage, that they never will be well, and can, therefore, always have a sufficient excuse for taking a swig at the black bottle.

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This invaluable Medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can and do attest to its usefulness—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave, under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, a Spitting up of Phlegm or Matter, and sometimes Blood. It is an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. The Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough, Pain, Inflammation, Fever, and Difficulty of Breathing, and produces a free and easy Expectoration, and a cure is soon effected.

It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of HOOPING-COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it.

If this Expectorant be given in the commencement of PLEURISY, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS, or in acute RHEUMATISM, in doses sufficiently large so as to cause a little nausea for some time, (going to bed and covering up warm,) it will produce perspiration and subdue these affections at once.

JONATHAN GOING, D.D., President of Granville College, Ohio, says, "he was laboring under a severe cold, cough and hoarseness, and that his difficulty of breathing was so great that he felt himself in imminent danger of immediate suffocation, but was perfectly cured by using this Expectorant."—Mrs. Dolbs, of Salem, N. J., was cured of Asthma of twenty years standing, by using two bottles of this medicine.—Mrs. Ward, also of Salem, was cured of the same complaint by five bottles.—A young lady, also of Salem, who was believed by her friends to be far gone with Consumption, was perfectly restored by three bottles.—Dr. Hamilton, of St. James, South Carolina, was greatly affected by a cough, hoarseness and soreness of the lungs, and on using a bottle of this medicine found permanent relief.

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JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.—The virtues of this efficacious and cheap medicine, for the cure of Consumption and other diseases, cannot be too well known. Very many lives have been saved by it.—*N. Y. Morning Atlas.*

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

VALUABLE MEDICINE.—We do not wish to commend one good medicine at the expense of another, but we cannot forbear to notice the valuable properties possessed by the "Carminative Balsam," and the "Expectorant," prepared by Dr. Jayne, of South Third street, in this city. We have forborne to give evidence until after a thorough trial in our own family. They are invaluable in a family of children.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT FOR COUGHS, COLDS, &c.—So many people are afflicted with these common every day disorders, that we deem it our duty to point our readers to a simple remedy, which we have tried and found efficacious. Jayne's EXPECTORANT is a very valuable pectoral of syrup which we have lately used with good effect in stopping a cough, and loosening and breaking up a cold. It is to a very agreeable medicine. This recommendation is not a bought puff, but entirely voluntary. And we feel that we can hardly do a greater favor to our readers in these days of cheating, than to recommend them so well tried, efficient remedies, especially those we have tried ourselves. DANIEL HARSHAW, Editor of the "Lynn Record," Mass.

From the Rev. A. R. Hinckley
FRANKLIN, Ia., March 19th, 1841.
Your Medicines have been in nearly every case successful, especially the Expectorant. I have received much benefit from the use of this myself and one of my nearest neighbors who had been afflicted from childhood with the Asthma so severely as nearly to suffocate her during the paroxysm which returned about once a week, has been to all appearance permanently cured. A. R. HINCKLEY.

OWEGO, N. Y., July 27th, 1841.
Dear Sir,—We want some more of your medicines, particularly the Expectorant, which gives universal satisfaction.
Respectfully yours,
Dr. D. JAYNE. SHERMAN & WILLIAMS.

BINGHAMPTON, N. Y., May 3d, 1841.
Dr. Jayne, Dear Sir,
Your Expectorant is in great demand and sells well, and is very popular. Your Vermifuge is now much used, as also is your Sanative Pills. Yours, &c., BENJAMIN GREENE.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 2 3m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

Since the important discovery of DR. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if he chooses, preserve his hair from falling off, or if already bald, may with certainty have his hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which, in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable, should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 15, 1840.
Dr. D. Jayne.—Dear Sir,—I cannot say my hair is restored, but I can say that it appears to be in so rapid a process of restoration as could reasonably be expected. I had not finished the first bottle before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's, appeared and has continued to increase and I have had it cut two or three times. I have recently commenced upon the third bottle, but have been a good deal irregular in the use of the Tonic from the first, and from this cause I apprehend the effect is at present less than it otherwise would have been.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head, though I felt entire confidence in your statements of what it had done for others; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however very thin, though quite thick. I am flushed with sanguine hopes of final success, in the diligent use of your Tonic which, amidst all the hair humbugs which have been advertised in the papers, I am constrained to believe is what it claims to be, and that it will make the hair grow, and no mistake, at least on some heads.
GEORGE W. EATON,
Professor in Hamilton Literary and Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Summerville (N. J.) Whig.
Some time since I called upon Mr. F. Mason, of Summerville for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING most sweetly; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.
JAS. O. ROGERS, Methodist Minister.
April 14, 1841. Mount Horeb, Somerset Co., N. J.

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.—After giving this article a fair trial, we unhesitatingly pronounce it to be what it professes—the best article, without any exception, in use, for the restoration and preservation of the human hair. We know of some instances where hair has been restored to heads which have been bald for years; and we think we cannot do a greater favor than to recommend all our readers who are losing their hair, to make a trial of this Tonic immediately.—*Boston Mail, May 1, 1841.*

PHILADELPHIA, May 19, 1839.
Dr. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I feel that I can hardly say enough in favor of your Hair Tonic. My hair had been falling off for about two years, and had become very thin, threatening speedy baldness when I commenced using your remedy. In about one week it ceased to fall off. I have used it now about three months and have as full and thick a head of hair as I can possibly desire. I have recommended its use to a number of my friends, who all speak well of it. If faithfully employed, I have no doubt of its general success. I may add that before using your Tonic, I had tried most of the various articles employed for the hair, such as the Macassar Oil, all the different preparations of Bear's Oil, Vegetable Hair Oil, &c. &c., without experiencing much if any benefit.
Respectfully yours, S. S. FITCH, M. D.
No. 172 Chestnut street.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., Feb. 12, 1839.
Dr. D. Jayne—Sir:—I take great pleasure in informing you that the bottle of Hair Tonic which I obtained of you last October, has proved most satisfactory and successful. My hair had for a long time been exceedingly thin. But two or three years past it had so fallen out, that my head had become almost entirely bald. I was under the necessity of concealing the baldness, by combing the hair on the side over it. But now, after using about half a bottle of the Tonic, I have as luxuriant a growth of hair as I ever had. C. C. PARK,
Late Pastor Baptist Church at Haddonfield, N. J.
Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. jy 2 3m

DR. JAYNE'S CARMINATIVE BALSAM.—This is one of the most efficient, pleasant and safe compositions ever offered to the public for the cure of the various derangements of the Stomach and Bowels, and the only article worthy of the least confidence for curing CHOLERA INFANTUM or SUMMER COMPLAINT; and in the above and following diseases it really acts like a charm, viz: Dysentery, Diarrhœa, or Looseness, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Griping Pains, Sour Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Pain or Sickness of the Stomach, Vomiting, Spitting up of Food after Eating, and also where it passes through the body unchanged, Want of Appetite, Restlessness and Inability to Sleep, Wind in the Stomach and Bowels, Hysterics, Cramp, Nervous Tremors and Twitchings, Sea Sickness, Faintings, Melancholy and Lowness of Spirits, fretting and crying of Infants, and for all *bowel affections and Nervous diseases*.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD street Philadelphia; and is sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States. Price 50 cents. july 2 3m

WORMS IN CHILDREN.—OF ALL DISEASES to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as WORMS. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they imitate the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected. They are not only a cause of disease themselves, but by their irritation aggravate all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, winding themselves up into large balls and obstructing the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing Convulsions, and too often death. The desired remedy will be found in DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE, which will very soon destroy the worms and invigorate the powers of digestion so as to prevent a return of them.
Prepared only at No. 20 South THIRD St. Philada. jy 2 3m

DAGUERREOTYPE MATERIALS.—M. P. SIMONS, Daguerreotypist, Miniature Case and Apparatus Manufacturer, also importer of Plates, Chemicals, Lens &c. together with every other article used in the art. Orders from any part of the country attended to upon the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice, at No. 179 Chesnut street, 4th story, opposite the State House, Philadelphia.
N. B. A liberal discount to city operators who buy to sell again. june 18 6m

A VERY desirable FARM for sale.—The subscriber offers to sell that valuable farm on which he now resides, situated in the townships of Upper Oxford and Penn, Chester county, Pa. There are but few farms for sale, so well suited for farming purposes, combining the raising of grain with the grazing of cattle. The property comprises one hundred and twenty-four and a half acres of good land, with commodious buildings and all the requisites for the purpose of agriculture. The owner is so desirous of selling, that a very moderate price will be taken, and possession given, if desired next fall.
Persons who may wish to own such property will please apply directly to the owner for particulars.
june 11-tf MARSHALL W. ATKIN

IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." We have it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who, of course, know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*
Country merchants and druggists, who are in want of Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, a medicine that is a certain cure for Deafness and Diseases of the Ears, can obtain the preparation by sending their orders to their friends in the city, or to D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, or H. C. Blair, corner of Eighth and Walnut, who have the medicine at wholesale or retail.
Price $16.00 per dozen, or $2 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid. ap 22 tf

STAMMERING CURED, and Instruction given in Elocution by Dr. S. Comstock, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia. nov 20-1y